The Nation.

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The Week.

Mr. Dingley, leader of the House, is a quite different gentleman from Mr. Dingley, author of the law to prevent a deficit (his own deficit to date being more than $52,000,000), and issuer of bulletins to show that we shall soon be just wallowing in surplus revenue. All the dispatches agree that the programme of severe economy in the House is exciting vast indignation among the rank and file who so dearly love to go in for the old flag and an appropriation. The big spending bills are to be cut to the quick. No river and harbor bill is so much as to be thought of, and public buildings are to be kept down in most miserly fashion. Why is this? The answer given the angry private members, with their beautiful private bills up their sleeves, is that Chairman Dingley says the state of the revenue is such that not a dollar can be spared which is not strictly necessary. Thus does Dingley the chairman act as if he did not believe a word that Dingley the statistician and prophet says. Certainly the raging Congressmen, robbed of their appropriations, cannot be blamed for asking what kind of surplus revenue it is that cannot be drawn upon. They are a little slow, but in time they will understand that the surplus revenue which Mr. Dingley sees pouring in upon him is for oratorical and electoral purposes only; when it comes to actually counting the money and voting it away, the creator of the deficit is as painfully conscious of the work of his own hands as any other man.

The attempt to make annexation a Republican party measure has failed, because the last national platform expressly avoided the recommendation of that policy, declaring only that "the Hawaiian Islands should be *controlled* by the United States, and no foreign Power should be permitted to interfere with them." Such "control" is entirely practicable and is consistent with our policy for many years. The Senate four years ago adopted a resolution which well represented the feeling of the nation on this question:

> "Resolved, That of right it belongs wholly to the people of the Hawaiian Islands to establish and maintain their own form of government and domestic polity; that the United States ought in no wise to interfere therewith, and that any intervention in the present affairs of these islands by any other government will be regarded as an act unfriendly to the United States."

This resolution was reported on the 31st of May, 1894, from the committee on foreign relations by a unanimous vote, and was immediately adopted by 55 yeas to no nays. Senator White of California has now brought this proposition forward as a joint resolution, and although the annexationists in the Senate may lay it on the table, its introduction is a good thing as showing the right policy for our Government to pursue in the matter.

Naturally the Chinese situation connects itself with the Hawaiian situation. In a remote contingency we might find it necessary to fight for the rights secured to us by treaty in Chinese ports. In that event, would the possession of Hawaii be of service to us or not? We answer this question in the negative. Without Hawaii, all our naval force in the Pacific may be employed in attacks upon the enemy or in defending our own coast. With it, we must expend some part, and probably a large part, in defending the islands. But, say the annexationists, we shall be much nearer to the objective point—the coast of China. Not much nearer. The islands are as far out of our course for operations in Chinese waters as the Azores would be for operations in the Baltic. Moreover, we have treaty rights in the islands now giving us all the naval advantages we could acquire by owning the islands. We are in the lucky position now that we are not bound to defend Pearl Harbor, but we can use it to any extent we choose.

Nobody is surprised to find many of the Republican politicians in Congress shrinking from the proposition to make an issue of a definite currency-reform policy. Senator Frye of Maine says that "it was all right for Secretary Gage to submit his scheme of finance, but it was hardly politic to be so specific about the single gold standard." Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island says of the President's recent declarations in favor of positive action, that "they are good principles, but bad politics." The proceedings in the House when the Teller resolution was voted down have been called "the slaughter of the innocents," because so many of the Western members fear that their votes will be counted against them at the next election, from thirty to fifty sharing this apprehension, and the personal influence of Speaker Reed had to be used in order to keep several men "in line." All such Representatives and Senators are, of course, strongly opposed to going a step further, on the ground that it would be "bad politics," or, at the very least, "hardly politic."

The action of the Chamber of Commerce on Thursday on the report of its delegates to the Indianapolis convention was most gratifying. Without a dissenting voice it ratified the report of the Monetary Commission, both in general and in particular—the gold standard, the gradual retirement of the gold obligations of the Government, and such changes in the banking laws as shall conduce to the good of all business interests, and which the experience of our own and other countries has proved to be efficient and secure. Condensed in the fewest words, the Chamber of Commerce has declared its platform to be the gold standard and banknote issues on banking assets. These were the conclusions reached by the Monetary Commission, and now they have received the endorsement of the most conservative body of business men in the country. An issue is thus made up which must engage the largest share of public attention until the momentous questions involved in it are decided. In ordinary circumstances this ought not to be a political issue, but it has been made such by the action of one of the great political parties of the nation, and the other party cannot avoid it. All the property interests of the country are involved in it. Every man and every woman is vitally concerned in the decision of it. They may have mistaken views in reference to it, but nobody who is sane can be indifferent to it.

President McKinley has just given a fresh illustration of his disregard for all other considerations when a Senator insists upon the nomination of one of his henchmen to an office, by sending in the name of George M. Bowers of West Virginia as Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. He had already shown, notably in the case of the swindling State Senator of Pennsylvania, whom he made Consul at Matanzas, Cuba, upon the demand of Senator Quay, that objections on moral grounds counted for nothing. He has now demonstrated that statutory obstacles to a nomination are no more effectual than those based on the moral law. A provision of the Revised Statutes calls for the appointment as Fish Commissioner of " a person of scientific and practical acquaintance with fish and fisheries," the object being to insure the selection of fit successors to Prof. Baird and Prof. Goode. Instead of picking out such a man, Mr. McKinley has nominated (upon the demand of Steve Elkins) a politician who never paid any attention to fish or fisheries, until he decided, a few months ago, that he wanted the $5,000 salary attached to this commissionership, and for whom the most that can be said by his friends is that he "is a smart man and catches on soon."

The nomination of Edward B. Thomas

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as United States Judge for the Eastern District of New York is a happy end of a struggle which had become very discreditable. The death of Judge Tenney was no sooner announced than a number of lawyers who were prominent in the Republican "organization," but nowhere else, began to work for the place thus made vacant. Congressman Fischer "set the pace," the first step in his campaign being to seek the endorsement of the members of the Republican executive committee of Brooklyn, in which he was extremely successful. But his opponents ruined his chances by pointing out that his appointment to the bench would involve a special election for Congressman, and that his management of "the organization" in the district had been so bad that "no Republican nominated by Fischer could win, and Fischer would not allow a nomination by anybody else." One candidate after another of the Fischer type was put forward by either the local or the State organization, only to have his unfitness demonstrated when any inquiry was made as to his judicial qualities. President McKinley at last became thoroughly disgusted, and assumed the executive prerogative, which he has so generally surrendered, of making the choice himself and requiring the machine to accept it. Mr. Thomas is a lawyer of high character and excellent standing, who has the making of a good judge in him, and his appointment is especially grateful because it involves no subserviency to the machine.

The most encouraging demonstration against boss rule which has been seen anywhere in this country for a long time was made in Philadelphia on Wednesday of last week, when about 400 leading Republicans from almost every county in Pennsylvania organized a movement to end the sway of Matthew S. Quay over their party. Never before has the tyranny which bossism involves been so clearly pointed out; and as a study in modern politics, the picture drawn of government in a great State during the closing years of the nineteenth century under the domination of one man deserves the attention of everybody who is interested in the development of democratic institutions. The spirit which animated the conference was that of men who had been slaves, and who had at last revolted against a servitude which had become intolerable. The character of this domination was set forth with the utmost clearness in the resolutions which were adopted. The first of these portrays the disgraceful methods by which Quay has made himself absolute ruler of the Republican party. Proceeding from generals to particulars, the resolutions declare that "a large majority of the members of the General Assembly of 1897 were nominated and elected by questionable methods, the chief end in view being the election of United States Senator in accord with the dominating influence in State politics; but the corrupt bargain carried with it the absolute control of legislation for all purposes." Attention is called to the extraordinary fact that "it was not an unusual thing, during the session of last year, for the citizens of this commonwealth to witness the humiliating spectacle of their representatives wasting days and weeks neglecting public business, because of the delays of their chief in giving them instructions as to what he wished them to do."

Responsibility for what the last Legislature did and failed to do being thus fixed upon the boss, the resolutions summarize its record. In the organization of both branches no member was allowed a place upon any important committee who differed from the machine regarding the United States Senatorship. So many places were promised for the support of the machine candidate that the pay-roll was padded with so-called officials without authority of law, and appropriations for payment of such officials failed of becoming law only by the interposition of the executive veto. Attempts were made to take from the public Treasury thousands of dollars for pretended expenses and for junketing trips of the members, which also failed only by reason of the Governor's veto. In order to create new offices and extend the power of patronage, the "mercantile-tax bill" was passed, imposing burdens upon and crippling almost every business interest in the commonwealth, already overtaxed, and this bill would have become a law but for the executive veto. In order to punish the Mayor of Philadelphia, whom the machine could not control, a bill was passed which, had it been suffered to become a law, would have destroyed many of the most important features of the city charter, and which was universally disapproved by the people to be affected. Finally, "numerous bills were introduced for the mere purpose of extorting large sums of money from the corporate and other interests of the State as the price of preventing their passage."

The opinion of the Corporation Counsel that the new charter, rather than the Black starchless law, fixes the civil-service regulations for this city, has sent deep gloom through the Tammany ranks. The view is general there that the Mayor has made a mistake in his choice of a Corporation Counsel, since this is clearly not a Tammany "opinion," and what is the use of a Tammany Corporation Counsel if he cannot furnish Tammany law when it is wanted? The holders of this view do not reason so far as to perceive that if an opinion had been supplied which would not have been sustained by the courts, whither the Civil-Service-Reform Association had declared its intention of carrying the matter in case it had been contrary to what it is, the outcome would have been disastrous to the Corporation Counsel. There seems to be no way in which the "places" in the city service which are now held by the hated reformers can be captured except through the passage of the Grady bill making the Black law applicable to the city, and there is little hope of this. Possibly the new Municipal Civil-Service Commission may formulate new regulations which will help matters somewhat, but even they cannot remove incumbents from office without danger of getting into trouble. A curious fact about this commission is that it has succeeded in getting from the Board of Estimate and Apportionment an appropriation more than double the size of that which the late reform commission required. The latter body did its work for about $30,000 a year, whereas Mayor Van Wyck's commission has asked for and obtained $86,000. Its work has been increased somewhat, it is true, but the additional expenditures entailed by that increase could be covered easily with from $5,000 to $10,000.

The suit for libel which ex-Mayor Oakey Hall brought in the English courts against James Bryce because of the latter's allusions to him in a chapter of the 'American Commonwealth' on the Tammany Ring, has been dismissed because of the failure of Mr. Hall to prosecute it. The dismissal was accompanied with an order upon Mr. Hall to pay the costs, but as he has left England, there is no means by which Mr. Bryce can recover the heavy expenses to which the suit subjected him in preparing his defence. As we pointed out recently, the English law of libel, while permitting the levying of heavy costs upon the unsuccessful party to a suit, makes no provision for the collection of costs from bankrupts, and other impecunious persons, who institute frivolous suits which they either do not press to a verdict or lose when they do so press them. An amendment is pending before Parliament in which it is provided that the court may, when it is satisfied that the plaintiff is a bankrupt, or will be unable to pay costs in case of losing his suit, issue an order staying all proceedings unless within a specified time the plaintiff can give satisfactory security for such costs. In this country the costs are not heavy, unless the court grants to the successful party what is known as an "extra allowance"; but a provision like that proposed in the English amendment would be very valuable here, for it often happens, after an impecunious plaintiff has forced the defendant to carry through one or more courts a case which never ought to have

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been in any court at all, that extra allowance is granted only to be found worthless because of inability to collect it. If every bankrupt and political or other dead-beat who is now induced by a speculative lawyer to sue a newspaper for libel "on shares" in the possible result, were compelled to give security for costs in advance, a great deal of frivolous litigation would be prevented.

The time of the English courts continues to be occupied largely with what the Lord Chief Justice calls "trumpery libel suits." Two decidedly amusing suits were dismissed without much ceremony recently, one by the Lord Chief Justice and the other by Justice Hawkins. In one instance, in an account of a proceeding in court, the word "defendant" had been printed in place of "plaintiff," with the result of making a lawyer in his address charge his own client with being an "extortioner." The client had sued the paper for damages as the result of this blunder, but when the Lord Chief Justice heard the facts in the case, he at once said he doubted if there was any cause for action, since any one reading the account would see that it was a mistake of the reporter or printer. Furthermore, a correction had been made by the newspaper, but of this it was complained that it was "not prominent," and was not accompanied by an apology. The Lord Chief Justice held that no reader of intelligence could fail to see that a mistake had been made, and when counsel for the aggrieved person urged that there "might be careless or foolish people who would receive a different impression," he declared: "But legislation and law are not intended for foolish people"—a view which precipitated the collapse of the case. In the other instance a lawyer brought suit against two newspapers for conspiracy and libel in habitually leaving his name out of their reports of court cases in which he appeared as counsel. Justice Hawkins made short work of this, saying to counsel for the plaintiff, who wished to cite decisions in favor of his novel plea: "If you want anything to put a final extinguisher upon you, that will do it," and adding, when counsel said in defence of the claim for damages that all persons engaged in any way in public had occasionally to complain that what they said was not reported, "What a godsend it is to the public that they are not always reported!"

The speech of Sir Richard Webster, Attorney-General in Lord Salisbury's cabinet, on the Chinese trouble, in which he said that it would be better for Great Britain to fight and lose now than to perish of slow starvation by the loss of trade, is in harmony with the recent declaration of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach on the same subject. It shows that whether there has been a backdown or not in reference to the port of Talienwan, the main purpose of Great Britain has not been abandoned. The world is still in ignorance of the terms of the secret treaty by which the port of Talienwan was ceded to Russia at the end of the war between Japan and China, when Russia intervened in behalf of the latter, and prevented Japan from getting a foothold on the continent. Why Russia wanted that port or some other on the Liau-Tong peninsula it is easy to see. She is building the great Siberian railway, and must have a port that is not ice-bound several months in each year. She has no such port of her own. She must seek it in Chinese territory. The war between Japan and China and the discomfiture of the latter gave her the chance to secure this desideratum. Her claims on the port may be such that it is not worth while to have a war over them. There is plenty of territory left to negotiate for, or even to fight for, after conceding Talienwan to Russia to do what she pleases with. It is desirable, in the interest of civilization and progress, that the great Siberian railway should be finished, and that it should have an outlet in open waters, even though its terminus be not strictly a free port. It is not desirable or even tolerable that the whole northern Chinese frontier should be shut up by land-grabbers, whether Russian or German or other, or that treaties now existing should be set aside to the detriment of third parties merely because two or three German missionaries have been murdered or because a German sailor has lost his life in a street riot.

Secrecy, mystery, alarm, vague insinuations, desperate attempts to stifle inquiry and suppress facts have marked the official conduct of the Dreyfus affair from its inception to the present trial of Zola. One guarded statement after another has been given out, only to be disproved. Dreyfus had confessed his guilt, it was boldly said in order to stop the clamor. But instantly evidence was made public that he had never confessed, but was stoutly protesting his innocence. Well, there was the famous *bordereau*, in his own handwriting, offering to sell the secrets of national defence. But once the *bordereau* was published in facsimile, as many experts decided against the Dreyfus origin as in favor of it. Mr. David Christie Murray, who, with the zeal of a fellow-novelist, or a fellow-advertiser, has taken up the cudgels for Zola in England, sets forth no less than twenty particulars in which the incriminating document differs from the confessed handwriting of Dreyfus. This looks bad for the evidence on the strength of which, and on the sole strength of which, according to Gen. Mercier, Dreyfus was condemned. "Oh, but there was other evidence," now say the French generals and ministers. "Very well," replies Zola, "come into court and tell us what it was. Come and testify in secret, if necessary." The answer to this is an order of the Council of Ministers forbidding any testimony to be given! It is not strange that Zola and his counsel cry out upon such a travesty of justice.

Among the recent consular reports is one from our consul at Mainz, Germany, on the subject of the exports of German wines to the United States and, strange to relate, the import of American wines to Germany. In the year 1895 the latter amounted to 24,494 cwt. Exportation of German wines to the United States for the same year was 118,604 cwt., but the German wine-growers are becoming nervous and are beginning to demand protection. Accordingly, says our consul: "In order to commend themselves to the wine-growers of the western and southern parts of Germany, those members of the Reichstag who are the champions of the agrarian cause are beginning to agitate a campaign against the importation into Germany of American wines by advocating a higher import duty on them." It is interesting to know that a part of our wines come back to us after undergoing manipulation and mixing in the cellars of the Rhine country. Thus to German industry they stand in the relation of a raw material. A California wine which has been subjected to a protective tariff at Cologne and again at New York ought to be considered a very patriotic drink.

Late advices from both Costa Rica and Nicaragua indicate that there is a revolution in progress in each, and that the canal-surveying party from the United States will not be able to go on with its work until the country is pacified. One report says that the gunboat Newport may be obliged to land a body of marines to protect the surveyors. It may become necessary for us to invade the country or both countries and restore order before we can get a thoroughly reliable survey. This shows how much better it would have been to follow the lead of Morgan of Alabama and pass the canal bill of last year without any survey and in the face of the protest of the Government of Nicaragua, because in that event we should have had a *casus belli* at once. We could have prevented the present revolution, with its tedious and exasperating delays, by simply landing a sufficient number of marines at both ends of the line to maintain order and enable our surveyors to finish their work in peace. If there should be a simultaneous demand for ships and crews in Cuba or Hawaii, Morgan would undoubtedly be prepared to meet both emergencies.

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RETALIATION IN TARIFFS.

The news that Prussia has excluded all American fresh fruits from her markets, on the ground that they are infested with insects which make them dangerous to German orchards, is irritating, of course; and as it comes at a time when Germany is suspected of hostile designs against our commerce in China, it may lead to new legislation at Washington, although that which we now have would seem to be ample for all purposes. The law of August 30, 1890, is applicable to such emergencies:

"Section 5. That whenever the President shall be satisfied that unjust discriminations are made by or under the authority of any foreign state against the importation to or sale in such foreign state of any product of the United States, he may direct that such products of such foreign states discriminating against any product of the United States as he may deem proper shall be excluded from importation to the United States; in such cases he shall make proclamation of his direction in the premises, and therein name the time when such direction against importation shall take effect, and after such date the importation of the articles named in such proclamation shall be unlawful. The President may at any time revoke, modify, terminate, or renew any such direction as in his opinion the public interests may require."

Under this section the President can, if he chooses to do so, exclude all imports from Germany. Suggestions have already been made that he exclude German wines on the ground of their unhealthfulness, or German sugar on the ground of adulteration, or German woollens on the ground of shoddy, etc., etc.

There is one general objection to this kind of retaliation, namely, that it is a weak imitation of the very thing that we complain of. We contend that our fruit is not buggy, just as we contended that our pork was not wormy. We say that this exclusion is for the protection of the apple-growers of Prussia; that it is a concession to the demands of the Agrarians, who complain that American farm and orchard products are an injury to them. We cannot very consistently say that we have just discovered that German wines are unwholesome, after drinking them for a century or more without any deleterious consequences. To exclude them would be a loss to Germany's vine-dressers, but it would be a gain to her wine-drinkers. It would deprive the former of one of their markets, and would thus lessen the price of wine, but that would be an advantage to the buyers of wine in Germany and England and elsewhere. The effect in our own country would be to punish the consumers of German wines, who are not sinners above other people in the premises. Thus all such schemes of trade-exclusion rob Peter to punish Paul, not to pay him. To exclude German sugar would put an additional tax on our own consumers of sugar, who are practically the whole people, and would give an advantage to the producers of cane sugar in the West India Islands. To exclude German woollens would help the English manufacturers, and so on.

The more we examine the details of retaliation by tariff, the less we shall be enamoured of them. What have we to say about the policy on broader grounds? Germany has a moral right to exclude our products, or any of them, from her ports. Except as restrained by treaty, she is not bound to give any reason for excluding them. Every country has the right to regulate trade within her own limits. We exercise that right with the utmost freedom. We adopt prohibitory tariffs in order to give American producers a monopoly of the market. We have prohibited the importation of several kinds of foreign fruit—oranges for example. We have done this by means of a tariff. All right. Germany proposes to do the same thing by means of a health decree. There is not a pin to choose between the two methods. We may say that her grounds for excluding our fruit are false. So too are our grounds for excluding Italian oranges. We say that our laborers must be protected against the pauper labor of Italy, whereas the California orange-growers notoriously cultivate their fruit with Chinese labor, than which there is no cheaper labor known. Exclusion by tariff, whether put upon the ground of protection to labor or of protection to health, is a mess of lies. If it was not so in the beginning, it has come to be so now, and our lies are no better than German ones. Before we extract the mote from our brother's eye, we had best cast out the beam from our own eye.

We are not sorry, however, that this question has come up, since it may serve to open the eyes of our Dingleyites to the humors of the situation. We begin by putting prohibitory duties on various articles of Germany's industry. She retaliates by excluding our pork and our apples. We say, "Don't do that unless you exclude French and Austrian and Russian pork and apples. We have no objection to the policy of exclusion, provided you treat all nations alike." Germany may reply either that she does treat all alike, in that she excludes wormy pork and buggy apples from all countries, or that she has reasons of her own (commercial treaties, for example) for admitting the French, Austrian, and Russian products, and excluding ours. If she is determined to retaliate on us for the Dingley tariff, she will not lack reasons for doing so, and they will be reasons that we cannot easily controvert. We may have a moral conviction that the bugginess of our apples is not the real reason why they are excluded, but the trouble is that we have to prove that fact before the very tribunal that has pronounced the decree of exclusion. We must convince the judge who has already decided the case against us.

It is said that we have a treaty with Prussia which contains the "most-favored-nation clause." The world has outgrown such treaties. It has supplanted them with maximum and minimum tariffs, and with treaties of reciprocity. There is any number of ways to get around the most-favored-nation clause, but all that Prussia need do in the present case is to find a bug in a consignment of American apples, and not find any among French, Austrian, or Russian apples. The task is not a difficult one, but the attempt to prove that the insect was not there—

"Hic labor, hoc opus est."

The real bug is the Dingley tariff.

UNION FOR HONEST MEN AND HONEST MONEY.

The vote of Senator Murphy in favor of free silver, as represented by the Teller resolution, has had an electrifying effect upon the members of both political parties in this State. It has, in the first place, aroused the National or sound-money section of the Democratic party to renewed life and activity, convincing its members that a return to harmonious relations with the regular organization of the party which supported Bryan in 1896, is impossible. It has, in the second place, given new life and hope to the Platt Republicans, inducing in them a belief that, by raising again the issue of Bryanism, they can turn the attention of the people away from the canal scandal and all other shortcomings of the Platt-Black administration, and save themselves from destruction by rallying to their support all believers in sound money. This view was put forth exultingly by the Platt leader in the debate on the canal inquiry in the Assembly at Albany on Thursday, when he declared that he and his associates were no longer afraid of the canal issue, since the vote of Senator Murphy had raised a greater issue upon which the fall campaign would be conducted.

There is little doubt that the money question will be the leading issue in the next State contest, but there is a good deal of doubt whether Platt will be able to convince the voters of the State that, in order to save the country from the peril of Bryanism, it will be necessary to put him in possession of the State government more completely than ever for two years more. It is doubtful if he will be able to convince the members of his own party who are in organized revolt against him that, in view of the peril, it will be necessary for them to surrender to his bossism once more. The chances are, in fact, very strong in favor of a continued division in the Republican party, in spite of the money issue. As for the Democratic party, Senator Murphy's vote seems to widen the breach which was showing signs of closing before he took that action. It is impossible for the National Democrats

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to sustain that vote, or to sustain the regular wing of their party in case it shall uphold the Senator in his course and advocate his reëlection. There is no doubt that the regular wing, which is in control of the Democratic organization in the State, is as strong for free silver as it was when it committed the party to Bryan in 1896. There is little or no likelihood that its leaders will permit the adoption of a party platform this year which will either repudiate or modify materially the silver platform of 1896. They may attempt to ignore the issue, as they did in the municipal campaign of last year, but they will not allow a gold platform to be adopted. A divided Democratic party seems, therefore, to be as well assured as a divided Republican party is.

With four distinct party organizations or factions in the field, a great opportunity is presented for the honest men in both the great parties to come together for the double purpose of ridding the State of Bryanism and bossism at a single stroke. Why should not honest Republicans and honest Democrats unite for this most beneficent work? The people of the State would hail such a union with joy. They are as weary of bossism as they are of Bryanism. They would rejoice at an opportunity to crush all bosses at once, to rid the State not merely of Croker and Murphy, but of Platt and Black and Payn. It would be a desirable thing to "down Bryanism" and get an honest-money Senator in place of Murphy, but it would be only half a victory if the new Senator were a Platt man and the price of his election were the return of Black or some other Platt dummy to the Governor's chair, together with another personally owned Platt Legislature. Why should that price be paid? Everybody knows that a great number of voters in both parties are sick of bosses, and would welcome an opportunity to vote against them and in favor of free men in the executive and legislative offices of the State. There is also, outside the parties, a great body of independent voters, ranging from 100,000 to 200,000, who would join eagerly in the same crusade. In fact, there is no State in the Union so ripe for a movement of this kind as New York is to-day. There has been, furthermore, no more opportune moment for such a departure than is presented this year. The people perceive, as they have never perceived before, that the bosses of opposing parties play into one another's hands whenever it is necessary to do so in order to save their corrupt system of government from destruction. The various offices to be filled cover all the issues which a union of honest men would raise. The election of a United States Senator forces the money issue, and the election of a Governor and Legislature forces the issue of bossism.

The anti-Platt Republicans and the National Democrats are really separated only by party names. They have precisely the same views and convictions, both on the national and the State questions which will be involved in the election. If, under "harmony" pressure, each faction of them shall consent to return to old party affiliations, what will be accomplished? Absolutely nothing. Either Platt or Murphy and Croker will triumph. If, however, they refuse all offers of conciliation, and unite on the simple issues of honest money and honest men, they will stand an excellent chance of commanding such popular support as will carry them to success, thus not only warding off the peril of Bryanism, but redeeming the State from the accursed blight of bossism. The effect of such a triumph upon the rest of the country would be most beneficent, doing more than any other conceivable thing to lay forever the spectre of Bryanism.

THE CHARTER BLUNDER.

Our new city charter has been in operation only one full month, but that brief time has been sufficient to give us an accurate idea of how it is going to work. The first demonstration that it has made is that the new form of government is an enormously expensive one. So many new offices have been created, so many large salaries have been authorized, such large forces of subordinates are required to carry the borough and other systems into effect, that the Mayor has felt compelled, in order to keep the budget within anything like reasonable bounds, to declare that many of the charter's provisions will be nullified by refusal of the appropriations which are necessary for their execution. It is said, for example, that the demand for engineers, to fill the places in the subordinate borough bureaus, is so large as to more than exhaust the supply which the city affords. In nearly or quite every instance, the cost of running a consolidated department in the new city is several thousands of dollars greater than was the combined cost of running the several departments of the old cities and towns which now constitute it. This is due mainly to the multiplication of places. Each borough has its President, with a salary of $5,000 in Manhattan, Bronx, and Brooklyn, and of $3,000 in Richmond and Queens. One of these officials has found that he has so little to do that he thinks of resigning. He charges the responsibility for his lack of occupation upon the Mayor, who refuses to allow sufficient appropriations to put the full machinery of the boroughs in motion; but this is not the real cause. The trouble lies in the charter, which has created a useless office for no other apparent reason than to give five men handsome salaries.

Then there is the Municipal Assembly, with its two houses and eighty-nine members, and a salary list of $113,000. So little business has been found for this body to transact that its sessions are given over to the granting of permits for parades, to silly resolutions about matters not within its jurisdiction, and to formal requests upon the Legislature to interfere with the local affairs of the city. While created professedly to give us a "larger measure of home rule," this cumbersome local legislature is occupied chiefly in showing that it has no home-rule powers worth possessing. It will shortly be called upon to pass the budget which is finally agreed upon by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, and the extent of its powers in this direction will then be revealed. It will have power, by a majority vote of all its eighty-nine members, to reduce any item, except such as have their amounts fixed by law, and such as are in payment of State taxes, and of interest and principal of the city debt, but it can neither increase an item nor insert a new one. In case action reducing an item is vetoed by the Mayor, a five-sixths vote will be necessary to override the veto. There is a field for "strikes" in these provisions, for a combination might be made among the thrifty members of the Assembly to reduce an item as a means for bringing the head of a department to terms. This would be of doubtful outcome, however, for it would be cheaper to satisfy the claims of the necessary sixth and one other than those of the striking majority, or five-sixths. It really does not look as if there was much of value for either the taxpayers or the legislators in these provisions.

Illuminating as these local developments are as to the nature of the charter, those which are made at Albany are even more so. Something like 75 or 100 bills have been introduced in the State Legislature, either in direct amendment of the charter or authorizing some kind of interference with our local affairs. It is very evident from this unparalleled flood that the State legislators do not regard the charter as a "larger measure of home rule." They are more than ever of the opinion that the seat of municipal government is at Albany, and that instead of reforming the old order of things, the new charter has merely aggravated it by increasing the opportunity for meddling and muddling. Appeal is still made to Albany to know whether or not we can give away coal to the poor, or can display the Irish flag from the top of the city hall, or can spend our money in building bridges over the North and East Rivers, or can have honest and capable city magistrates instead of corrupt and ignorant police justices, or, in fact, whether there is anything that belongs exclusively to ourselves and concerns our individual interests.

What we are learning from the opera-

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tion of the new charter is simply what was inevitable as the consequences of the policy pursued by the Charter Commission. The members of that body shut their eyes to the teachings of experience in municipal government the world over for the past half-century, and took the position that the mere act of consolidation was so to transform human nature that what had failed utterly in the past would succeed here in the future. The teachings of experience all pointed to simplicity as the fundamental principle of municipal government. The members of the commission made complexity their fundamental principle. The teachings of experience demonstrated the utter uselessness and even positive harm of municipal legislation with two branches. The Commissioners gave us one of the largest bodies of that kind we or any other city ever had. The teachings of experience showed that there could be no real home rule in municipal affairs by means of a charter subject at all times to amendment by the State Legislature, and that the only method by which home rule could be secured was through general provisions embedded in the Constitution itself, safely removed for all time from legislative interference. The Commissioners gave us a charter to which the Legislature has already offered seventy-five or more amendments, any or all of which can be adopted provided a majority can be secured for them.

It is proposed by some well-meaning persons to have a great public celebration on the first anniversary of this charter's adoption, and a member of the Legislature has introduced a bill providing for a world's fair in commemoration of the same event. A far better use of the anniversary would be to start upon that day a movement to supplant the charter with a really enlightened scheme of municipal government, conceived and formulated in accordance with human experience. That would give us something to be thankful for; a condition of affairs which does not exist at present.

REPLYING TO CRITICISM.

Brunetière's account of the famous trial in which he, as editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, was sued for refusing an outraged playright his legal "right of response" to criticism, is not without touches of that humor which is one of the signs of his mental sanity. Most amusing is his version of the terrific address of the opposing counsel, Maître Gondinet. "Who are you, to pretend to deny us the right to speak?" This after the man had roared away for three hours! "By what right do you condemn us to silence?" The windows were rattling at that moment with his bellowing. "Is this France? Is this the end of the nineteenth century? Was it our grandfathers who razed the Bastille?" We all know these Gondinets.

It is, however, the state of the French press law which Brunetière most concerns himself about, and which he thinks unsatisfactory, however luckily he escaped under the ingenious rulings of the court. But one cannot read such discussions of the right to reply to a critic without wondering why an author or an artist should so greatly value the right and so valiantly contend for it, legal or not. There are, to be sure, some temperaments hard to restrain. They burn to confute hostile criticism, or at least to flay the hostile critic. Artistic sentitiveness of a certain order seems necessarily to carry this writhing under criticism along with it. Tennyson had it, as we now know, in an extreme degree. It was all very well for him to profess the belief that,

> "Surely, after all,
> The noblest answer unto such
> Is perfect stillness when they brawl,"

but he was not a perfect example of perfect stillness. At times he rivalled Maître Gondinet. Even Thackeray had an immense capacity for suffering under criticism, and tried, on one occasion at least, to out-roar the Thunderer.

Then there are, of course, the complacent creatures who love to display their hurts in public, and to insist on being written down asses in the largest capitals. Of these are they who write indignantly to the editor: "You say that my book is silly and that I am a foolish fellow. I should like to see you prove that. Now, if you are man enough to print this letter, your readers will be enabled to judge between us," etc. And the weary editor does print it, as the short and easy way of proving that all he had said about the writer was true; while the writer—why, the proud man puffs out his chest and makes his cane ring more smartly on the flagging as he tells his friends how he has taught one impudent editor a lesson!

But apart from these unrestrainables, it does not appear why writers and other public performers subject to public criticism should care so much about the right or privilege of rejoinder. The critic himself is only another public performer. He is as dutifully trying to earn his daily bread as, say, the singer who hysterically accuses him of trying to deprive her of hers. He is just as truly entitled to fall back on the defence that he "must live" as the author who offers that excuse for selling poor work to a gullible public. In fact, a little imagination applied to the critic's case would make him out a deserving object of sympathy if not of charity. Think of his difficulties—the despairing hunt for a new adjective, the pathetic hope that his one quotation from Aristotle will bear another application; think of his having to go regularly to the theatre and take a hopeful view of the drama, of his being expected to read a dozen popular novels and then write a sprightly review of them! Surely his very "victims," as they think themselves, would have tears for his sad lot if they but knew it in all its bitterness, and would set about founding Homes for Convalescent Critics and Retreats for Incurable Reviewers.

Seriously, there is something to be said for criticism of the kind that ought not to be, that cannot be successfully, replied to. There should be authorities in criticism of such weight, of such honesty, of such a sense of responsibility that, when they have spoken, it should be as if Rome had spoken and the cause were for ever decided. Brunetière says truly that all modern literatures, unless it be that of France, suffer from the absence of criticism of this high, impartial, and conclusive sort. Of course, such criticism must be something more than the record of personal likes and dislikes. It cannot get on with mere phrases—"unmatched virility," "unequalled pathos," "a delicate sense of style." We must have the examples along with the definitions, as Sainte-Beuve insisted. Show us the virility, make us feel the pathos, exhibit the style. When this is done, when criticism becomes by its skill and candor worthy to rank among the expert professions, the desire to reply to it, to set up rival opinions against it, disappears. Authoritative criticism can have no rival.

But are not the critics divided among themselves? Is it not possible to answer one critic with another? Brunetière admits this possibility, and says that the setting up of critic against critic is the only real response an author can make, is the only thing which makes criticism tremble for a moment for the certainty of its own decisions. But this, of course, relates, not to the ideal state, but to the present hurly-burly of criticism, and even there has its plausibility only through indiscriminate lumping of critics together. They must be weighed, not counted. Will a writer say, Dowden and Traill and Watts-Dunton are against me, but Smith and Brown and Jones and Robinson are on my side, and I therefore have a clear majority of one? Practically that thing is done. Majorities are the big battalions in politics, but in art and letters we have to believe with Aristotle (here is *our* one quotation from him) that the final word is with "the judicious" (we stand ready to give the Greek on demand). A poet cannot check off the review of the Eatanswill *Gazette* against that of the *Athenæum*. Even in these days of every man his own critic there are certain critical authorities who have not defiled their garments, and who are not replied to because to their mature judgment no reply is possible.

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SUDERMANN'S "JOHN THE BAPTIST."

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., February 3, 1898.

The cable has informed us that Sudermann's "Johannes," on its first production, on January 16, in the Deutsches Theater of Berlin, in spite of the elaborate stage setting, and in spite of the superb acting of Josef Kainz and Agnes Sorma, was at least a partial failure. If this be true, one cannot help thinking that the failure was due chiefly to the fact that the audience, through the attempted prohibition of the performance by the police, had been led to expect something like a Biblical extravaganza, and was naturally loath to be put off with a religious drama of deep poetic feeling. The lover of literature, and the lover of German literature in particular, will judge this play differently; he will carry away from its reading a sense of profound gratitude to Sudermann for having once more (and this time more emphatically than ever) stepped forward as a leader in the upward idealistic movement which, in various ways, had made itself felt for some time past until last year it broke forth with an overpowering wealth of poetry in Hauptmann's "The Sunken Bell."

Sudermann's John the Baptist is indeed a counterpart to Hauptmann's Henry, the bell-founder. The fate of both is genuinely tragic. The mediæval mystic succumbs in striving for an artistic ideal too grand and too shadowy for human imagination. The Jewish prophet succumbs in striving for a moral ideal too visionary and too austere for human happiness. Both lose faith in themselves and in their mission, and both rise through their very failure to the height of true humanity. Nothing is more impressive in Sudermann's drama than the way in which this disenchantment of the prophet with himself, this gradual awakening to the sense of his fundamental error, and the final bursting forth of the true light from doubt and despair, are brought before us.

In the beginning we see the preacher in the wilderness. He has gathered about himself the laden and the lowly. With burning words he speaks to them of the woe of the time, of the misery of the people trodden into the dust both by the foreign conqueror and by its own rulers, tormented by its traditional obedience to a heartless, inexorable law. And he holds out to them the vision of the deliverer and avenger that is to come: the Messiah, clad in splendor, like the King of the heavenly host, the cherubim around him on armored steeds and with flaming swords, ready to crush and to slaughter. Yet, irresistible and intoxicating as his harangues are, an occasional look, an occasional word betrays even here that his faith is not born of a free and joyous surrender to the divine, but of a dark, brooding fanaticism, and we feel instinctively that it will not stand the test of self-scrutiny.

Next he appears in the streets of Jerusalem, inciting the populace to revolt against Herod and his lustful house, especially against the scandalous marriage into which the tetrarch has just entered with Herodias, the divorced wife of his own brother, and which he wishes to have sanctioned by the synagogue. But here again it is the blind fanatic rather than the inspired leader whom we hear in John's language. Having led the infuriated mob to the King's palace, he is at a loss what to do, he feels lonely in the midst of the surging crowd, he longs for his rocks in the wilderness; and when the Pharisees take this opportunity to embarrass him by mocking questions about the new Law the advent of which he has been holding out to his hearers, he has no answer. Just then there is heard out of the midst of the populace the voice of a Galilean pilgrim: "Higher than Law and Sacrifice is Love!" It is the message of him whose coming John has been preaching without divining his true call. This word strikes deep into his soul. For the first time he doubts his own mission, for the first time there looms up before him the dim vision of something more exalted than his own dream of the Messiah.

Again he rises to his full power as a hero of asceticism in his interview with Herodias and her wanton daughter Salome. Salome has been fascinated by the weird, fantastic appearance of this man with the lion's mane and the far-away look in his eyes; she wishes to flirt with him, to tame him, to possess him. When he enters the palace, she receives him with a shower of roses and the voluptuous songs of her maidens. But he remains unmoved. "Gird thy loins," he says to her, "and turn away from me in sackcloth and ashes. For I have been sent as a wrath over thee and as a curse to destroy thee." And he does not seem to notice that this very curse affects the infatuated girl like a magic love potion. Herodias, too, wishes to win him—she wishes to make him a tool of her political designs, to stifle through him the popular opposition to the clerical sanction of her marriage; and she attempts to bribe him by offering him the charms of her daughter. But again his only answer is: "Adulteress!" And yet even this victory over sensual temptation leaves a sting in his soul; for again he hears that mysterious word, Love, and he must remain silent when Herodias calls out to him: "What right have you to judge the guilty, you who flee from human life into the loneliness of the desert? What do you know of those who live and die for love's sake?"

And now he comes to see that he does not understand even those nearest to him. The wife of his favorite disciple comes to him and beseeches him to give back to her the heart of her husband; for since he has joined the band of the Baptist's followers he has forsaken his home and forgotten his kindred. And John never knew anything of this man's inner life, he knew nothing of the love that he is accused of having stifled! Who, then, is he to teach others—he who is constantly confronted with his own limitations, who must confess to himself that he is without a guiding principle of his own conduct! Where is there an outlook for him? Where is the path toward his salvation? Is it this Love that is thrust upon him from all sides? No, no; it cannot be. Love is littleness, is weakness, is selfishness, is sin! No, the only salvation lies in the Messiah, in him who is to come in heavenly splendor, surrounded by the rainbow, the King of Kings, the great fulfiller and judge! Thus he tries to assure himself, thus he strains every nerve to maintain his tottering belief in his mission, to keep awake the hope of his poor downtrodden people. And from this very people, from the mouth of an old wretched beggar-woman, he now hears for the first time the full, the cruel truth: "We do not want your Messiah! We do not want your King! Kings come only to kings; they have nothing in common with us, the poor. Go away; let us alone, you false prophet!"

Immediately after this scene the climax is reached. Ever since the Baptist for the first time heard that mysterious message of Love, he has been endeavoring to discover whence it came. In a vague manner he has associated it with the noble youth whom years ago he baptized in the Jordan, and from whom he has in some way hoped for the fulfilment of his Messianic dreams. Now he learns from some Galilean fishermen that this Jesus of Nazareth has indeed brought a new gospel—not the gospel of a superhuman Messiah, but of human brotherhood and kindliness, of the love of one's enemies, the very gospel of which John, through the bitter disenchantment, has gradually become the worthiest prophet. Just after this meeting with the Galileans he is drawn into the surging throng of the populace, who have streamed together to make a forcible attack upon Herod and his wife as they, in solemn procession, repair to the temple. Torn with conflicting feelings as he is, unable to collect his thoughts, he is pushed along to the steps of the temple. A stone is forced into his hand: he is to execute the judgment of the people against the vicious King himself. Mechanically he lifts the stone; he calls out to Herod: "In the name of him who—"; but the stone glides from his hand, and he stammers—"of him who bade me love you!"

The rest of the drama brings little new of inner experience. Once more John rises to the full grandeur of the Old Testament prophet. Imprisoned, and led before the love-infatuated Salome, he once more defies her raging passion. He dies with words of peace and hope upon his lips. Immediately after his execution there is heard from the street the hosannah of the jubilant masses greeting the entry of Jesus into Jerusalem.

It may be that here and there in this drama there is an overdose of staginess; staginess is undoubtedly the danger of Sudermann's talent. It may be that the realistic touches are here and there a little forced, and seem like effects borrowed from the religious paintings of Munkacsy. It may be that the talk of the Roman soldiery smacks a little too much of the jargon of the Prussian officers of the guard. And there can be no doubt that the figure of Salome, this self-conscious, calculating Berlin coquette, falls far behind that ravishing creation of Heine's fancy after which she has been modelled:

> "In den Händen trägt sie immer
> Jene Schüssel mit dem Haupte
> Des Johannes, und sie küsst es,
> Ja sie küsst das Haupt mit Inbrunst.
>
> "War vielleicht ein Bischen böse
> Auf den Liebsten, liess ihn köpfen;
> Aber als sie auf der Schüssel
> Das geliebte Haupt erblickte,
>
> "Weinte sie und ward verrückt,
> Und sie starb in Liebeswahnsinn.
> (Liebeswahnsinn! Pleonasmus!
> Liebe ist ja schon ein Wahnsinn!)"

But what does all this mean beside the fact that in the Baptist himself Sudermann has created a character worthy of Schiller's genius; a character which arouses in us emotions such as our forefathers must have felt when they saw the first performance of a "Jungfrau von Orleans" or a "Wilhelm Tell"; a character which, we may confidently hope, will be a source of inspiration and delight to our children and our children's children.

KUNO FRANCKE.

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THE PAINTINGS AT CHANTILLY.—III.

PARIS, January 27, 1898.

Greuze may be said to have introduced in the French school of the eighteenth century the bourgeois form of art—the representation of every-day life. He is a realist, but his realism preserves a touch of poetry; he likes to choose his models (especially his female models) from the most refined beauties he can find. It is evident that his mind was pervaded by his literary theories. His domestic dramas are an illustration of life such as it was understood by the philosophical school; the "Paternal Malediction," the "Punished Son," the "Village Bride" made his reputation. The galleries of Chantilly show us a head of a girl which is a charming portrait, and a study which was used for the "Village Bride." Tradition will have it that it is the head of Georgette, a daughter of Greuze's porter. "If Greuze," says M. Gruyer, "found this charming child in his lodge, he was quite right to take her as a model." Greuze painted this Georgette at the period, for which he had an evident preference, when her sex is no longer quite a child, and not yet quite a girl; his heads, of which there is a profusion (many are copies which were made when Greuze became the fashion and the rage), always have this character. Their naïveté is suggestive, their innocence is a veil. Greuze knew, however, how to go a step further, and in the picture at Chantilly which goes under the name of "Tender Desire," we see a woman who seems to have nothing more to desire. In Smith's catalogue of the works of Greuze this picture is marked as "Young Woman, with a languishing expression, looking up." Georgette's brother, a robust and healthy boy, figures at Chantilly near his sister. It is an admirable portrait, more vigorous than most of the pictures by Greuze; it bears the impression of life.

I have spoken already of the portrait of Marie Antoinette, as Dauphiness, made by Drouais; it is one of the ornaments of the great gallery of Chantilly. A portrait of Madame de Pompadour, representing her powdered and rouged, with white lace thrown over her head, working at embroidery, has been attributed to Drouais: Madame de Pompadour is no longer very young; she is about forty years old.

Fragonard (born in 1732, died in 1806) painted for the Princes of Condé a series of forty-two small oval portraits of the Princes and Princesses of Bourbon. It is difficult to recognize his very characteristic manner in this series, which is of no great value. More value, in an historic sense, is attachable to a portrait of the Prince of Condé, the commander of Condé's army, which is found at Chantilly. This full-size portrait represents the Prince at the age of sixty-five, when he was in England; he wears the costume of general of the army of Condé. It was painted by a certain Madame de Tott, and engraved by Bartolozzi in 1802. Who Madame de Tott was, it is impossible to say. Madame Vigée-Lebrun is well known; she lived as long as eighty-seven years, and died in Paris in 1842. She left a most interesting body of works; the collection of her portraits is of immense interest. Chantilly has a portrait of Maria Theresa of Austria, which cannot have been made from life, and consequently is of secondary value; a portrait of Queen Caroline of Naples, already old; a portrait of Marie Louise Joséphine, Queen of Etruria (who died at Lucca in 1824), the best of the three.

Danloux (born in 1745, died in 1809) lived ten years in England, where he established himself at the beginning of the French Revolution. He imbibed somewhat of the rare faculties of Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Lawrence; he made portraits in England of Admiral Duncan, Lord Adam Gordon; he made a portrait of the Count d'Artois, in the costume of colonel-general of the Swiss—a good picture, which is now at Chantilly—as well as an excellent portrait of Louis Henri Joseph de Bourbon, the last Prince of Condé, in the costume of the army of Condé. This last portrait was given by the Prince to a Mr. Crawford, who had received him in England, and it was bought by the Duke d'Aumale from one of the descendants of Mr. Crawford.

The Vernets form a dynasty of painters, the most illustrious of whom was Horace Vernet, well known to all the visitors at the château of Versailles. Carle Vernet (born in 1758, died in 1836) is represented at Chantilly by a very interesting hunting picture; the two personages in hunting costume and on horseback are the Duke d'Orléans, the father of Louis Philippe, and Louis Philippe himself, who was called the Duke de Chartres in the lifetime of his father. Many people on horseback are seen in the background, in the landscape. The two princes have evidently sat for their portrait. The Duke d'Orléans has the same features, the same complexion, as in the magnificent portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds at Windsor. (There is at Chantilly a reduction of this last portrait made by Reynolds himself.) This hunting picture, too, has its history; it was given to the city of Pesth by a Prince Esterhazy, who probably had received it as a present from the Duke d'Orléans. It entered the galleries of Chantilly by virtue of an exchange which had the approbation of the Hungarian Chamber.

Prudhon (born in 1758, died in 1823) is a sort of connecting link between the French school of the eighteenth century and the classic school of David; he combined a certain classic purity with all the grace of the eighteenth century. Prudhon is very personal, and it is impossible not to recognize him at once. He is very pure and Greek in his "Psyche aspiring to Heaven," a nude but chaste figure, which is full of poetry. The same qualities are found, in a minor degree, in two small pictures, "Homage to Beauty" and "The Sleep of Psyche." The Duke d'Aumale was fortunate enough to find a great number of Prudhon's original drawings; they are all framed, and form a most valuable exhibition by themselves.

Among the jewels of Chantilly we must place in the forefront the portrait of Bonaparte as First Consul, by Gérard (born in 1770, died in 1837). Many engravings have been made of this magnificent portrait, which shows Bonaparte at his best age, and gives the completest idea of the power of this extraordinary genius. Gérard, who was an excellent portrait painter, cannot be admired in his great classic compositions, such as the "Three Ages," which are seen at Chantilly. Titian treated the same subject, but with a difference. Gérard's composition was, however, the great success of the Salon in 1808. We do not view it with the same eyes as the contemporaries of Madame de Staël.

Gros (born in 1771, died in 1835) is famous for his picture of Napoleon among the men stricken with the plague at Jaffa. This picture is now in the museum of the Louvre; Chantilly possesses a reduction of it, or rather the first study made by Gros for the great picture. It is interesting as such.

A great place is occupied by the pictures of Ingres (born in 1780, died in 1867), who was long considered the greatest master of the modern French school. We find an admirable portrait of himself, at the age of twenty-four, when he was a pensioner of the French School at Rome, full of vigor and quite alive. Another portrait, made at Rome, of a French lady called Madame Devaucay, is comparable for its qualities with the best portraits of the great masters, from the quattrocentisti to Holbein (such, at least, is the opinion of M. Gruyer, who is an enthusiastic admirer of Ingres). The picture, which goes under the name of "Stratonice," and which has been made popular by engraving, may be said to have been the starting-point of the neo-Greek school, which has in our day its best adept in Alma-Tadema. It was made for the Duke d'Orléans, in 1834. A "Venus Anadyomene," with cupids at her feet, on the waves; a small "Francesca da Rimini," with Paolo Malatesta at her feet, are also to be mentioned.

Horace Vernet, the favorite painter of Louis Philippe, made the name of Vernet even more illustrious. We see from his hand at Chantilly a portrait of the Duke d'Orléans (Louis Philippe), at the age of forty-five, in the painter's first manner; "Arab Chiefs in Council," in his second and final manner—a charming picture (the Arab chiefs are holding their council in a beautiful landscape, painted from nature); King Louis Philippe, on horseback, attended by all his sons on horseback, and coming out of the court of the château of Versailles. The King is in the uniform of a lieutenant-general, the Duke d'Orléans of a division general as is also the Duke de Nemours; the Prince de Joinville in the uniform of a captain of the navy, the Duke d'Aumale of a colonel of infantry, the Duke de Montpensier of a captain of artillery. Of all these, only one remains at this hour, the Prince de Joinville.

Ary Scheffer was one of the favorite painters of the house of Orléans; he had become personally intimate with most of its members, having given drawing lessons to them. He was much liked by Queen Marie Amélie, and made several portraits of her; one of them, taken when she was already a widow, is seen at Chantilly. We notice also a fine portrait of Prince Talleyrand by Scheffer, which was left to the Duke d'Aumale by his friend Lord Henry Holland. In this portrait Scheffer revealed some of the qualities of the Dutch masters, being himself a Dutchman. He is also represented by a fine portrait of the Duke d'Orléans, the eldest son of Louis Philippe, at the age of twenty, in the costume of a colonel of hussars.

Paul Delaroche made for the Duke d'Orléans, who had become Prince Royal, a picture representing the assassination of the Duke de Guise at Blois. The Duke ordered this picture at the same time as the "Stratonice" of Ingres. Both are now at Chantilly. The "Assassination" is probably the best painting by Delaroche; it has become very popular through a fine engraving. When we have cited the "Two Foscari" of Delacroix, we have nearly exhausted what belongs to the generation of painters of the period of 1830. M. Gruyer will complete his magnifi-

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cent work by a fourth volume. We cannot finish this account without saying that the Duke d'Aumale was the happy possessor of several Decamps; but Decamps belongs already to a period posterior to that of Ingres, Delaroche, and Delacroix.

Correspondence.

THE FOLLY OF IT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is impossible for me to read the *Nation* without either agreeing with it or disagreeing with it very positively. On this occasion I most heartily agree with it. You never put a thing better than when you recently said that the annexation of Hawaii involved our maintaining two fleets, one to defend the islands and the other to defend our own coast when deserted by our present fleet for the protection of the islands. Living on the Pacific Coast myself, I may be able to offer you the reflections of sensible men here on this subject.

The truth is, all this talk about the military necessity of our having these islands is nonsense. We don't need them at all. Let us reason a little. If we require them, it must be for purposes either offensive or defensive. Now, offensive arguments nobody will tolerate. Well, then, we may need them for defence, or rather (for this is practically the only excuse) we ought to have them ourselves in order that others may not use them against us. Against us how? As a coaling and supply-station? Grant that. Then how many home ports of ours can they menace? Does nobody in the East know that on the whole Pacific Coast of this country there are only three vulnerable points? Nature has not opened this coast with harbors and rivers as she has the other. There neither are nor can be here that number of opulent maritime cities which, on the Atlantic Coast, from Maine to Louisiana, may tempt the avarice or the revenge of a foreign enemy. From Southern California to Cape Flattery there are only the harbors of San Diego, San Francisco, and Puget Sound. Now, if we cannot defend these three ports by fortifications and by our present squadrons without going two thousand miles and more into the Pacific to get an expensive outpost—to get an outpost that itself must be defended by ships, to get an outpost so far from our own coast that an enemy in possession of it, to use it for supplies and repairs, would have to operate by intermittent war, rather than continuous attack—then in all reason we had better give up our policy of minding our own business, and adopt one of laying about us on all sides and mauling mankind. It would be just as cheap in the long run to do one as the other. Let us, then, go on. Let us take Hawaii, squander millions on Hawaii, build a navy for Hawaii, and then fortify the Aleutians to protect the approaches to Hawaii. Throw away your Mercator's projection; look at the globe. The Aleutians are not so distant from Hawaii. Let us, accordingly, fortify the Aleutians and build there a dry-dock, too, for a reserve station for our squadron of Hawaii.

The degree of ignorance on this subject is something astonishing. That ignorance is found even in the official departments, where we pay men to know better. Let me give you an instance. Last summer, when some madman or schemer spread a rumor that the Japanese were fools enough to think of wasting on Hawaii ammunition and ships which they manifestly needed against powerful neighbors at home, the battle-ship *Oregon* was lying near Seattle in the waters of Puget Sound. Forthwith the Navy Department ordered her to San Francisco. Why? Not because that city or any other American city was in the remotest danger—that, nobody claimed. It was for offensive purposes, admittedly, that she was sent there. She must be in readiness to depart at once for Hawaii. San Francisco is eight hundred miles south of Puget Sound, and Hawaii ever so much further south than that, so, of course, the *Oregon* would be so much nearer the islands. Would she? Every officer, even the tars, aboard her must have grinned at the conclusion. Though the islands are very far south of San Francisco, they are, by reason of the spherical shape of the earth, almost as near to Seattle. The difference is not above two hundred miles. Thus the ship was sent eight hundred miles to gain two hundred. But this is not all. She was to sail from San Francisco harbor. Now this involved two things—her being able to get into that harbor and her being able to get out of it. In quiet seas either is easy. In rough weather the deep keel of this ponderous machine has not margin enough at the Golden Gate for absolute safety, so at such times she has always to remain a prisoner. A fine scheme of offence this. But, worse still, the only dock on this coast large enough to hold her was the very one she had left behind on Puget Sound. Moreover, if a change of plan should require her dispatch to Japan itself, then San Francisco would be several hundred miles further away.

The only Power in whose hands islands so distant from our coast could ever be a danger to us, is England. But what would England want with them? That country has here, on Vancouver Island, within a stone's throw of our Puget Sound Coast, a complete naval station, a dry-dock, fortifications, abundance of coal, besides telegraphic and railway connection. The last country that will ever want the Hawaiian Islands for naval purposes is England. They are too far from Asia, they are too far from America, and she already has her ample stations on each of those continents.

FREDERICK BAUSMAN.

SEATTLE, WASH., January 31, 1898.

PORCHER'S MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of January 20 is "An Inquiry," by Mr. Thomas M. Johnson, relative to the 'Meditations of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus,' the text of which was issued, and edited, by C. L. Porcher, London, 1863. I am pleased to give a little information here which, although brief, represents a year's time and much searching and correspondence.

"C. L. Porcher" was one of the pseudonyms of an erratic genius whose true name was Capel Lofft (the younger). A full account of his life and writings will be found in Macmillan's 'Dictionary of National Biography' (vol. xxxiv., pp. 71-2), from which I extract briefly. He was born February 19, 1806, in Suffolk, England; was a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, 1829, and took his M.A. in 1832. He studied law, but did not practise, preferring literature and a roving life. He had high honors at college, and his several works received great praise, but his political theories were considered wild and his criticisms unsound. "Lofft was in America during the civil war, and, while living in the wilds of Minnesota," prepared the text of the 'Meditations.' This explains the allusion to Minnesota in the note referred to by Mr. Johnson. Besides the pseudonym of "C. L. Porcher," Lofft also used others, as "Stoic," "Kingsman," "C. Lawford," "R. E. Storer" ("Restorer"), etc.

Mr. Johnson's copy might be termed the first English edition, being printed in London; but the true first edition ever issued was printed in New York, 1861, by J. F. Trow, of Directory fame. The book *never was published*, as shown by the copy in the Astor Library, which is a presentation copy from Lofft, bearing several inscriptions in his writing, among them, "Not published." The title has "Porcher" lined out, followed by "=Stoic." Capel Lofft died in Milmead, Va., October 1, 1873.

I think Mr. Johnson is certainly in error in ascribing anti-slavery opinions to Lofft, for the legend on the title of the 1863 edition; viz.: "N. Eboraci, U. S., 1863. A. Liberatæ Reip. I.," is also on the title of the first edition, with date 1861; so he could not have had in mind, as his epoch-maker, the emancipation proclamation of January 1, 1863. It seems to me a more plausible theory that he was of strong Southern sympathies, if not actually pro-slavery, as shown by his living (and dying) South, and by his using the name "Porcher," an essentially Southern family; and that by "Year of Liberty I." he referred originally to 1861, to what he hoped would be the *first* year of the Southern republic.

I was much puzzled at my first sight of this work, and attempted to trace it through the name "Porcher." The genealogies and cyclopædias indicated only the Southern family, the most famous member of which was Dr. Francis Peyre Porcher of Charleston, S. C. Correspondence with the family did not aid me, but seemed to show that the author was not of their line. Finally, I was put on the right track by Prof. Gerald Henry Rendall, of University College, Liverpool, who is preparing a new translation of the famous 'Meditations.' My belief is that Lofft, while living South, became attached to some member of the Porcher family, and hence adopted the name, prefixing it with his own full initials, "C. L." If not this, then "Porcher" is some faint play upon the word "Loft."

The book is rare in any form, but exists in three or four states; first, the 1861 issue, which has an "Addenda," the whole being printed on a *pinkish* paper; next, the author had an "Ensuper Addenda," printed by Parker, of Oxford, on a *yellowish* paper, and bound in with some copies of the 1861 issue; finally, he reissued the work in 1863, in England, as described. The British Museum (see their Catalogue of Printed Books, London, 1881, Aur-Azz, page 5), has *eight* copies of this work, more or less perfect, and filled with emendations by Lofft, sheets of his manuscript, letters, bills, etc.—in fact, the entire private collection of this extraordinary man. The two copies I have are among the treasures of my collection of nearly 200 editions of the 'Meditations.' The fact that the "Porcher" edition is the *only* one of the

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text printed in the United States, lends interest and is my apology for this letter.

WALTER LEE BROWN.

EVANSTON, Ill., January 31, 1898.

A FALSE REPORT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some time in December I noticed, either in the *Nation* or in some equally prominent place, a short paragraph copied from a French paper, warning travellers that the Hermitage at St. Petersburg was undergoing extensive repairs, and that the pictures of the gallery would be closed to visitors for at least a year. I immediately gave up the idea of visiting Russia in the Christmas holidays, for St. Petersburg without the Hermitage would be like the play with *Hamlet* in the asylum. But I later decided to be sure, and received the following letter from M. Somof, who has charge of the picture gallery. The letter may be of interest to some of your readers who might be deterred by the notice I refer to from visiting St. Petersburg.

ERMITAGE IMPÉRIAL,
ST.-PÉTERSBOURG, le 20-8 décembre, 1897.

MONSIEUR: En réponse à votre lettre du 16 décembre, j'ai l'honneur de vous informer que vos informations ne sont pas exactes, et que le Musée de l'Ermitage Impérial est ouvert et restera ouvert pour tout le monde malgré la translation des tableaux russes de la collection de l'Ermitage au nouveau Musée National, dont je m'occupe en ce moment.

Agréez, monsieur, l'assurance de ma considération très distinguée.

A. SOMOF,
Conservateur en chef de la galerie de l'Ermitage.

Instead of all the Hermitage being closed to the public, it is only two rooms containing Russian pictures that are not to be seen. As one can see the very large Trétiakoff collection of Russian paintings in Moscow, there is no reason why any one should postpone a visit to Russia on account of the current notices of closure.

I may perhaps warn travellers that all collections, both in St. Petersburg and in Moscow, are closed from December 23 to January 6 (old style), inclusive, with the exception of one day. So visitors who wish to see both the Hermitage and the Russian Christmas should plan to visit the gallery before the holidays begin, or after they are over.—Yours truly,

WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS.

BERLIN, January 12, 1898.

A FIELD FOR CLASSICAL SCHOLARSHIP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Allow me to call the attention of competent persons to a field in classical studies at present largely unoccupied. While so much good work has been done, and is being done, particularly in Germany, in determining the correct text of ancient authors, there exists of many writers no complete modern edition containing notes explanatory of obscurities and difficulties in that text. There are no annotated editions of the complete works of Seneca, Suetonius, Pliny the Naturalist, and others, which are not at present entirely out of print. Such old editions as the Delphin and Lemaire, besides being antiquated, can now be obtained, if at all, only with considerable trouble and no little expense. There are few, even among professed classical scholars, who would not be assisted by the collected researches of ages upon these writers. Who, for instance, can pretend to fully understand Pliny the Naturalist without some such help? For the general reader of the classics, of whom there are not a few, such aids are imperative.

Very respectfully, C. R. BLACK, Ph.D.

BALTIMORE, February 6, 1898.

Notes.

'Facts about Bookworms, their History in Literature and Work in Libraries,' is the title of a work, both literary and scientific (microscope in hand), by the Rev. J. F. O'Conor, S. J., former librarian of Georgetown College, in the press of Francis P. Harper. The edition will be limited to 750 copies.

D. Appleton & Co. will shortly publish 'The Broom of the War God,' by H. N. Brailsford, a volunteer in the Foreign Legion in the late war between Greece and Turkey; 'Eastern Journeys: Some Notes of Travel in Russia, in the Caucasus, and to Jerusalem,' by the late Charles A. Dana; 'Bimetallism,' by Major Leonard Darwin; 'Astronomy,' by Agnes M. Clerke, A. Fowler, and J. Ellard Gore; 'Points in Minor Tactics,' by Capt. Charles A. Smylie; and 'A Voyage of Consolation,' by Mrs. E. C. Cotes.

With Dr. George Adam Smith's volume on the 'Minor Prophets,' A. C. Armstrong & Son will complete the forty-nine volumes of the "Expositor's Bible." They announce also an 'Introduction to the Study of Sociology,' by J. H. Stuckenberg, D.D.

Charles Scribner's Sons will publish 'Emerson, and Other Essays,' by John Jay Chapman.

Frederick A. Stokes Co. will have ready in the spring 'Northward,' by Lieut. R. E. Peary, a narrative of his Greenland explorations in 1886 and 1891-'97, with nearly 900 illustrations; and 'Andrée's Balloon Expedition,' by MM. Lachambre and Machuron, his balloon-builders.

'Marching with Gomez,' by Grover Flint, with an introduction by the author's father-in-law, John Fiske, is promised by Lamson, Wolffe & Co.

Doubleday & McClure Co. have nearly ready 'The Science of Political Economy,' Henry George's posthumous work. They have also undertaken, in connection with this writer's family, a memorial edition of his works limited to 1,000 copies, and printed at the De Vinne Press. New photogravure portraits, and a biography by Henry George the younger, will enhance the value of this edition.

The Peter Paul Book Co., Buffalo, announce the publication at an early date of 'Daydreams of a Doctor,' by Dr. C. Barlow of Robinson, Illinois.

About the middle of the month the second volume of the 'Review of Historical Publications' relating to Canada, edited by Prof. George M. Wrong and Mr. H. H. Langton, librarian, of the University of Toronto, will be published in that city by William Briggs. Only 500 copies will be for sale.

The forthcoming Poe-Patterson correspondence, with introduction by Eugene Field and facsimile of one of Poe's letters, is, we are informed, not new material, having been published in the Chicago weekly *America* of April 11, 1889.

We have received from Messrs. Scribner two volumes in each of the uniform series of reprints of James Whitcomb Riley's and Richard Harding Davis's works: Riley's 'Afterwhiles' and 'Sketches in Prose,' and Davis's 'Cinderella, and Other Stories' and 'Gallegher, and Other Stories.' The "Homestead Edition" of the Western writer is the more elegant of the two, but not too much so for even the dialect verse of 'Afterwhiles,' in which the combination of elevated and of serio-comic poetry recalls the author of the 'Biglow Papers.'

No one will grudge, either, a new and handsome dress to Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman's 'Little-Folk Lyrics' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), among the best of their kind. The illustrations which frame a certain number of the songs are by Maude and Genevieve Cowles, and are much above the average in fancy and in draughtsmanship.

The appearance of a Life of Christina Rossetti and the Rossetti exhibition in London make it natural for Roberts Bros. to bring out a popular edition of T. Hall Caine's 'Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti,' now some fifteen years old. Meanwhile, Mr. Caine has become a considerable literary personage, and it should be remembered that there is not a little of himself in this book about a friend.

It speaks well for his denomination that Dr. McConnell's 'History of the American Episcopal Church' has reached a seventh edition (Thomas Whittaker). Its independence and candor have not proved an obstacle to its reception, and it is now extended from the close of the civil war to date. The work has a good index.

'Afloat on the Ohio' is the title of a well-made, readable book by R. G. Thwaites (Chicago: Way & Williams), giving an account of a voyage in a skiff down the river from Redstone to Cairo, a distance of about 1,000 miles. Excepting the visit in Louisville, where Mr. Thwaites's party were the guests of Col. R. T. Durrett, the eminent Kentucky historian and President of the Filson Club, the outing was uneventful; but the little incidents of the trip are pleasantly told, the various places of interest are duly dwelt upon in succession, and the monotony of the narrative is evaded by frequent historical reminiscences. Such is particularly the case along the upper reaches of the river, where a good many places one now hears little and cares less about were once important points. The book is thus well balanced and ballasted, and the cargo it brings is no inconsiderable one. The most important matters it contains are the two Appendixes, one giving an historical outline of Ohio Valley settlement, and the other a selected list of journals of previous travellers down the river, forming quite a bibliography of the subject. The voyage having been undertaken, we are informed, to gather "local color" for work in Western history, the present volume is no doubt to be regarded as opening the way to a more serious undertaking.

Mr. W. M. Griswold of Cambridge, Mass., with that untiring diligence which characterizes the veteran index-maker, has now issued 'The Novels of 1897,' a two-column authors' list filling twelve pages, with references to notices and date of notice in six literary journals; and a complementary classified subject-list, with the references carefully repeated. Africa, Asia, England, Kentucky and Tennessee, Eccentric, Fanciful, Humorous, Ideas (with nine subdivisions), Occupations, Juvenile, are some of the head-

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ings. Besides the references to criticisms, the judgment is often summarized, as "clever," "loathsome," "forced," "impossible," "praised," etc. There is no excuse for going astray here. Libraries and their frequenters must "come to this."

A distinctly good piece of work in its kind is the dissertation, by Pauline G. Wiggin, entitled 'An Inquiry into the Authorship of the Middleton-Rowley Plays,' which, as we are informed by the title-page, was "prepared under the direction" of Prof. George P. Baker of Harvard, and which appears as No. 9 of the Radcliffe College Monographs (Boston: Ginn & Co.). In method this essay bears some resemblance to the valuable study of the joint work of Beaumont and Fletcher by Mr. G. C. Macaulay; but Miss Wiggin's work seems to us superior in closeness of reasoning, carefulness of argument, and general intelligence and soundness of literary criticism. It certainly is to be commended for its cautious use of the somewhat overworked and deceptive "metrical test." Miss Wiggin comes to the conclusion that Rowley "wrote the first scene and the underplot of 'A Fair Quarrel,' the first part of 'A World Tost at Tennis,' the second act of 'The Spanish Gypsy,' and the first and last scenes, as well as the underplot, of 'The Changeling.'" But while thus agreeing in the main with the opinions of critics like Fleay, Bullen, and Swinburne, she yet vindicates for Rowley, in an interesting concluding chapter, a higher place and a more important part in this literary partnership than previous critics have thought fit to assign him.

All the articles contained in the sixth volume of "Papers of the American School of Classical Studies" have been published in the *American Journal of Archæology*, some of them years ago. In the course of this period, the *Journal* changed editors, place of publication, and the firms which electrotyped the articles. The articles have been reprinted from the old plates, and consequently the volume exhibits a variety of typography and spelling. The committee on publications announces that this volume is to conclude the series of Papers of the School, and that future papers will be published in independent form by the American Institute of Archæology. A special volume will be devoted to the papers relating to the excavations at the Heræum of Argos. The School has nothing to be ashamed of in these papers, for they speak in thankworthy wise of progress made by the School, in the matter both of the activity and of the scholarship of its members. But the wisdom of republishing them may be doubted. The money thus expended might have been used to greater advantage, for instance, in excavations. Then, since the papers are of interest only to the select few who already possess them in the *American Journal of Archæology*, it seems a pity to force writers on archæological matters to multiply references. Again, the papers are not of such epoch-making importance as to create an imperative demand for their republication. The only reason for the existence of the volume is that it may serve as an advertisement of the School. But it will probably fail to attain that end, since it will reach none but those who are already deeply interested in the School, and are more or less conversant with what concerns its welfare.

Mayor Quincy is to be praised for having newly founded an "official gazette of the executive departments of the city of Boston," called the *City Record*. Its aim is to supply first the departments themselves, and afterwards the public at a moderate subscription price, or per single copy. Mayor Quincy courts criticism and publicity, and wishes writers on municipal matters in the press to be well informed. Such a gazette is published by the city of Vienna, as the present editor shows in No. 1. The *City Record* can be recommended to the attention of reformers in all our large cities.

Significant articles in the *Architectural Record* for January are "The Problem of the Leaning Tower of Pisa," by William H. Goodyear, and "The New Library of Congress," by Russell Sturgis, the latter quite the most detailed and well illustrated professional description we have seen. Mr. Goodyear attacks a theme of perennial interest, and brings the leaning tower into his particular realm of structural curvature. The tower is, in his view, a *tour de force*, in which the bend reverts towards the perpendicular; and he supports his opinion with numerous examples (one the neighboring leaning Baptistery, whose deliberate cant he demonstrates by measurement of the base courses), including bulging or impending façades. His photographic illustrations are very convincing.

Of the three articles on Socialism by leading representatives of that faith, in *Cosmopolis* for January, the one by H. M. Hyndman is the most logical and unimaginative. M. Jaurès is diffuse in his language and, as might be expected, most radical in his views. Liebknecht treats of Socialism as an outgrowth of the conditions of human society in the past, and fails in his effort to avoid fanciful representations of the future. Each of the articles shows distinctly the mark of the writer's nationality, but the firm belief in an early triumph of the cause is a characteristic common to all three. The same number of the magazine contains the first of a series of letters on modern Rome by D. P. Fischer, favorably known by his 'Betrachtungen eines in Deutschland reisenden Deutschen.'

The *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for January opens with an account, by Lieut.-Col. Wells, of an exploring expedition in northern Persia, in which the neglected condition of a naturally rich country is emphasized. This is followed by the papers read at the Toronto meeting of the British Association by F. H. Newell on the hydrography of the United States, and by Prof. W. M. Davis on geography as a university subject. Mr. G. F. Scott Elliot treats instructively of the factors which determine the possibility of the successful cultivation of economic plants in the tropics.

Two recent lion-hunting expeditions in British Somaliland are described in the January *Geographical Journal*, though much more attention is given to an account of the country and its inhabitants than to sport. The ruins of a Galla city of unknown antiquity was found in the centre of the waterless Haud desert, containing fragments of glass, pottery, Oriental china, iron, silver, and bronze rings. It is noteworthy that "the country not only pays for its government, but there is always a small surplus," and "it is one of the few remaining places where, in a healthy and bracing climate, our young men may learn to face their lion and obtain that coolness of judgment only to be acquired in the chase of big game." Among the other contents of this number is an interesting address on the field of geography, by Sir C. Markham, and a review of geographical research in the United States by M. Baker.

The principal articles in *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number twelve, are on the specific gravity of the water of the Northern Pacific in connection with the temperature and the currents, by A. Lindenkohl, and the conclusion of R. Oberhummer's narrative of his recent journey in Asia Minor. There is also the usual classified index of the geographical literature for the year 1897, from which it appears that the number of works important enough to be noticed is 736, or 65 less than in 1896, and 134 less than in 1895. There are 191 works on Europe, 21 on the United States. A supplemental number (123) is concerned with the determination of the geographical position of places without the aid of astronomical instruments, as set forth by Dr. Paul Harzer.

A correspondent of the London *Times*, in describing a journey from Massowah to Kassala, gives an unexpectedly favorable account of the Italian province of Eritrea. The port, "undoubtedly the pleasantest place on the Red Sea," has broad quays, handsome barracks, hospitals, and other public buildings, together with numerous large warehouses belonging to Italian, Greek, Arab, and Indian merchants. A railroad has been built seventeen miles into the interior, and from its terminus there is an excellent cart-road nearly to the western frontier. The military stations and settlements consist of substantial stone or brick houses, with tiled roofs, and canteens where the traveller found comfortable lodging and a good meal. Beyond the barren coast-plains is a fertile country in which were large fields of barley and great numbers of well-favored cattle, camels, and goats. Of Kassala, once a prosperous city of 40,000 inhabitants, the dervishes have left "only ruined walls and deserted jungle-overgrown streets, which are still strewn with the bones of the massacred citizens and garrison." Singularly, the only building of consequence remaining whole is a cotton factory erected at the time of the Egyptian occupation. A new town of straw huts and a few brick warehouses has sprung up around the fort. The surrounding plain is exceedingly fertile and shows abundant signs, in irrigating dams miles in length and countless wells, of former careful cultivation. Once secured from dervish raids, it will doubtless again produce large crops of cotton, sugar, tobacco, coffee, and dhurra.

The January Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund contains a suggestive paper, by Dr. C. Schick, on the position of the "nameless city," or Ramah, the home of the prophet Samuel. Contrary to the opinion of most authorities, who have placed it upon one of the heights a few miles to the north of Jerusalem, he believes that a hill between Bethlehem and Hebron corresponds better to the obscure indications of the Bible narrative. Among the other contents are an article by Prof. Clermont-Ganneau on the taking of Jerusalem by the Persians, A. D. 614, and notes upon recently found inscriptions.

In the Consular Reports for January it is said that an average of about 3,000 men are employed on the Panama Canal, which is practically "finished from Colon to Bujeo, fourteen miles," "the least expensive part

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of the canal." The return of more than 500 laborers to the Congo was not preparatory to an abandonment of the work; the fact is, that they were found to be unsuitable. Progress in China is indicated by an account of the establishment of an electric-light plant in the capital of Hunan, "the most exclusive and hostile province in China, where, a few years since, the people refused to allow telegraph poles to be erected, and where the missionaries have always met with ill treatment."

—A correspondent writes:

"It seems strange—as I must conclude from your remark on page 74—that Jan ten Brink's masterly sketches of Dutch Indian life have remained unknown in this country. It would be hard to find in the whole range of modern literature anything to compare in vividness of portraiture with his 'Oost-Indische Dames en Heeren'—a few *praktische Menschen* with millions of oppressed natives behind them and the rich tropical nature as a background; a young man or a governess from the mother country stranded on Java's shores and pitted against purse-proud coffee barons and sugar lords who pretend to despise them, yet are willing to marry their daughters and sons to them as if conscious of their own inferiority. But the true champion of the natives was Edward Dekker (pseudonym, Multatuli), whose novel 'Max Havelaar' was translated into English a long time ago."

—The editor of the Jesuit Relations (Cleveland: Burrows Brothers Co.) shows a wish of overtaking that part of his scheme which secures to subscribers their stated instalments, by issuing volumes xi. and xii. at the same time. This practically completes the quota due for the first thirteen months, and offers a favorable contrast to the remissness often shown by the publishers of long series; *e. g.*, Mr. Grosart and his Shaksperian reprints. There is a fitness in the simultaneous issue of these parts, arising from the fact that together they make up one distinct portion of the annual report for 1637. In volume xi. two short and somewhat perfunctory letters of Brébeuf to Vitelleschi, the general of the order, are followed by the beginning of Le Jeune's budget for the year. The connection between the eastern and western centres of the mission field is becoming closer and closer; the route no longer leads through a *terra incognita;* and the establishment of a Huron Seminary at Quebec shows that the savages are beginning to give some pledge of their conversion. One passes rapidly over the compliments paid to Montmagny, Champlain's successor, the thanks returned for aid and prayers of friends at home, and all the little flourishes which may be considered as modest advertisements. Neither is there much in the doings of the French colonists to detain one, apart from a great celebration of St. Joseph's Day, when a quantity of fireworks were sent off in honor of the "Father, Patron, and Protector of New France." Turning to the savages, we find that the sorcerers keep a strong hold upon Le Jeune's interest, although he has written a good deal about them before. Of far greater moment, in view of Jesuit methods and success in teaching, is the account given of the way in which the little Montagnais and Algonquins are taken in hand. In the chapel, boys are placed on one side and girls on the other. French children are interspersed with the young savages, that the latter may learn proper behavior from them. Small presents are added, and it is found that the barbarians, if caught in time, are not above being captured by the novelty of their employments. The girls are "sans comparison plus faciles de retenir que les petits garçons."

—Volume xii. continues this same subject of education into a higher grade. At the instance of the Provincial, Le Jeune had founded a seminary, and Brébeuf was instructed to find raw material among the Hurons. A dozen fine lads were selected and prepared to send down the river in charge of Father Antoine Daniel. Unfortunately, at the moment of parting, the strain upon affection was too great, and eleven of them deserted, leaving only a devotee, Satouta, who professed a willingness to follow the black gown even if it led him to France. However, when the fur fleet reached Three Rivers, the Hurons were so convinced of the advantages offered that half-a-dozen children were forthcoming, and in the end the missionaries found in their charge all they could feed. Moreover, they had to furnish complete outfits of new clothes, as the parents expected to take back with them the garments which had been worn by their sons on the way down. Calamities followed. One boy became homesick and insisted on returning; another, after engaging in a boxing bout with one of the French, died, rather from over-eating, it is explained, than from any blows he received. Worse still, Satouta, a model of humility and patience, was seized with a slow fever. "On le fait purger et seigner, on apporte toute sorte de diligence pour luy sauuer la vie; mais nostre Seigneur leur voulant avoir, on lui confera le Sainct Baptesme, qui lui donna bien tost l'entree dedans le ciel." Poor boy, the least they could do after such treatment was to assoil him! In a word, the mortality was such that Le Jeune's only consolation was the docility of the remainder. What pleased him most was their own desire to clear some land, sow it, and build a hut for themselves, after the fashion they had learned in their own country. The most exciting incident of the year was the appearance on August 6 of an Iroquois band before Three Rivers. They were after the Hurons, and on learning that Montmagny had sent to Quebec for reinforcements, they retired; but for the moment we may well believe Le Jeune's protestation: "Vous pouuez bien penser que nous faisions bon guet."

—One of the most satisfactory of recent books is Mr. Thomas Hutchinson's reprint of Wordsworth's 'Poems in Two Volumes' (London: David Nutt). The reprint follows the original edition of 1807 page for page, and line for line, and appears to be as near perfection, in both accuracy and good looks, as can be expected of finite printers and proof-readers. The editing is simply admirable. Mr. Hutchinson, probably the best Wordsworthian alive, has contributed an elaborate introduction, which is both learned and readable, a brief essay on Wordsworth's sonnets, especially from the technical point of view, and a valuable body of notes. In the introduction and notes, Mr. Hutchinson lays particular stress on Wordsworth's constant alterations in his verses, and discusses, with keen discrimination, the significance of these changes, as well as their felicity. The reaction in the poet's style from the excessive and studied simplicity in which he sought to exemplify the canons of his famous "Preface," to conventionality and occasional grandiloquence, is well brought out in Mr. Hutchinson's remarks. He also traces, in an illuminating way, the gradual and by no means uniform success of the poet in restoring his lines, thus tampered with, to strength and vigor. One proposition the editor maintains with triumphant cogency: however distasteful adverse criticism was to Wordsworth, he gave careful heed to it, and showed the same disposition to profit by its strictures which afterwards distinguished Tennyson. We do not see, however, that this demonstration entirely overthrows the truth of Hazlitt's well-known remark, which Mr. Hutchinson, with an intemperance of phrase which is almost the only fault we have observed in his work, calls "an idle and outrageous slander." It is one thing to profit by minute and even carping criticism, another thing to accept it with equanimity. In closing, we may point out two matters of detail—the misprint *Schiffer* for *Schipper* at p. xxxvii, which is amusingly confirmatory of Mr. Hutchinson's declaration that he owes nothing to the 'Grundriss der Englischen Metrik'; and the hazardous conjecture about *Binnorie* (i. 174-5).

—One of the members of the late Royal Commission on the Depression of Agriculture, Mr. Francis Allston Channing, has been moved to publish his views of the evidence taken before the commission, which differ from those of the majority of its members, under the title 'The Truth about Agricultural Depression' (Longmans, Green & Co.). Speaking broadly, we may say that the increase in British manufactures and the growth of population created a demand for food, half a century ago, which resulted in high rents. The development of transportation after a time made available very extensive new sources of food, which therefore became cheaper in England, and for the last twenty years rents have fallen. The process has been a painful one. Theoretically, it should have been painful only to landlords, the tenant securing the ordinary profit and rendering the surplus as rent. Practically, while the process has been grievous for landlords, it has been perhaps still more so for tenants. Owing partly to their stupidity, partly to that of their landlords, Mr. Channing contends that reductions in rent have been made too late and have not gone far enough. In his view, the farming lands of England are rack-rented just as they used to be in Ireland, and land courts should be established for the purpose of securing the value of his improvements to the outgoing tenant. The impression made upon us by a cursory examination of the testimony cited by Mr. Channing is that the relations of landlord and tenant will adjust themselves without legislative interference; but he has made an interesting argument, and his facts throw much light on the causes which have made English farmers at once so progressive and so backward.

—Prof. Jules Nicole of the University of Geneva has had the good luck lately to detect in a fragmentary papyrus about 100 lines of one of Menander's plays, the "Georgos," or Farmer. He has edited and interpreted this fragment in a pamphlet entitled 'Le Laboureur de Ménandre' (Geneva: Georg & Cie.). The papyrus professes to come from Abydos—a profession which means very little—and the handwriting dates from about the second century A. D. There

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is no doubt at all that the lines belong to the play above named, because, by a singular accident, they exhibit two passages already known and quoted by Stobæus and Zonaras. Meagre as these fragments are, and tantalizing as are the lacunæ, M. Nicole congratulates himself on offering a larger specimen, by sixty lines, than any we possess of the hundred plays or more written by that elegant fop and man of pleasure, who died at Shakspere's age and was the precursor in wit and genius of Molière. Several of the plays of Terence, of course, give us some idea, under a Latin veil, of what these qualities were; but from this fragment we can even catch some slight whiff of his dramatic flavor and his vivacity, better than from the many isolated maxims and epigrams that have been handed down to us. Just at a critical point in the dialogue, the text offers an unlucky gap of a few lines which must contain the *nodus* of the plot; but, in spite of this, M. Nicole has been able to name the chief characters, and to work out a plausible reconstruction of the plot, by the help of one of the so-called "Rustic Letters" of Aelian.

—It is, as usual, a love intrigue. The farmer's son, aided by his mother, and favored by his father's illness and absence in the country, substitutes the girl of his choice for the bride *Chresippus* had designed for him. The way for a reconciliation is paved by the filial care which *Cleænetus* had bestowed on his purblind father, after an accident he had sustained in cultivating his vineyard. The line which describes the farmer's mishap had already been divined by Kock with more daring than exactness from a passage in one of Aelian's letters. Apropos of this conjecture, M. Nicole calls attention to the fact that we cannot depend on rhetoricians like Alciphron and Aristænetus for the *ipsissima verba* of the authors from whom they served up their literary ragouts. He detects also an interesting divergence between the papyrus and the Florilegium in the wording of the following characteristic passage. The slave *Davus*, who belongs to the under plot, exclaims ironically as he appears laden with flowers and plants from his master's "pious" farm, to serve for the wedding, "You can't find a more pious and righteous piece of land. It bears all the plants which the gods love—myrtle, laurel, and all these flowers here [a left-handed compliment], and it gives you back exactly what you plant in it—not a grain more"—an idea which became proverbial, and which Menander himself borrowed from the 'Cyropædia.' It is clear from the discussion that he varied this expression, perhaps in a second edition, and that the papyrus offers the earlier form of Menander's borrowed thought.

THE ART OF WILLIAM MORRIS.

The Art of William Morris: A Record. By Aymer Vallance. With reproductions from Designs and Fabrics printed in the colours of the originals; examples of the Type and Ornaments used at the Kelmscott Press, and many other illustrations; also, a classified Bibliography by Temple Scott. London: Printed at the Chiswick Press and published by George Bell & Sons; New York: Scribners.

This is a folio with pages eleven by fifteen inches, printed throughout in a very beautiful full-face letter, not wholly unlike the "Golden" type designed by William Morris for the publications of the Kelmscott Press and first used in 'The Golden Legend,' issued in 1892. The printed page, with its broad margin unbroken by running-title or other invading line of type, and the page number put at the foot of the page and close to the solid matter, has a singularly rich and decorative look. The cover is of white and blue linen, of an aspect not unfamiliar to those who have handled the publications of the Kelmscott Press in their covers of white and blue paper. The title-page is printed solid and without display or supposed picturesque arrangement, but is much diversified by the use of red and black ink. The illustrations are numerous and important. There is a photogravure portrait of William Morris, mounted by the corners and accompanied by a facsimile of his signature, thus serving as a frontispiece. There are six full-page reproductions in black and white of decorative windows designed by Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and Morris himself, executed by the firm of Morris & Company; and also two or three black-and-white reproductions of cartoons. A great number of woodcuts are in the text, from drawings by H. P. Clifford, R. J. Williams, C. M. Gere, and E. H. New. There are, also, in chapter viii., ten illustrations produced by printing directly from the blocks made for books issued by the Kelmscott Press. These are title-pages, as for Morris's 'Poems by the Way,' 'Godefrey of Boloyne,' and others, two pages of the great 'Chaucer,' chosen for their elaborate borders, their title-pages and initials and press-marks. At the close of the book are forty full-page prints in color, reproducing wall-papers, silks, carpets, tapestries, and tiles, nearly always the designs of Morris himself. The whole book, except the colored plates, is printed on hand-made paper, thick, and resembling nothing so much as Whatman drawing-paper of the good old kind. Every sheet is of the full size of the book, so as to have a natural deckle edge.

We insist upon the splendor and richness of aspect of this volume because Morris himself had so strong a feeling for the beauty of the printed book; he desired so strenuously the making of books beautiful to see and pleasant to hold, and worked so energetically to bring that result about. The volume before us has its illustrations where they are required, and of set purpose has no illustrations at all in a chapter that needs none, and a crowd of them where the text requires their presence. The irritating system of adorning a book for the popular eye by scattering its illustrations through it, and leaving the reader to undertake a chase for the one the text requires him to consult, is a thing that neither Morris nor the biographer of his art, Mr. Vallance, would endure for a moment.

Continuing, however, this discussion of the decorative character of the book, the question arises at once as to the merit of the designs. The woodcuts, which have been already named as being from drawings by Mr. Clifford and Mr. Williams, are in the spirit of that work which Morris most admired; that is to say, they are conceived in the spirit of fifteenth-century wood-engraving. Mr. Clifford's sense of landscape is very refined; there is something remarkably delicate in his tree-drawing. Mr. Williams seems to have enjoyed himself most in the drawings of the attics of Kelmscott Manor, on page 118; but it is noticeable that most of the architectural drawings have been intrusted to him. Another artist, Mr. E. H. New, has furnished the drawing on page 114, showing Kelmscott Manor from the meadow at the back, and C. M. Gere drew that picture of the front of Kelmscott Manor which was used as a frontispiece to 'News from Nowhere,' and which is reprinted here on page 111. It is difficult to explain the extreme dissatisfaction which one feels with these cuts, so well intended to be artistic in their signification and so unsuccessful in effect. They are not lovely to look at; they do not explain what they are intended to set forth; their only excellence (and we admit the importance of this) is in their fitting the printed page well and combining perfectly with the letter-press. Let full credit be given them for that virtue, for they have no other deserving much comment, and in this they are in a sense expressive of all the display of William Morris's art made by this splendid book, and, moreover, of all of his art which comes in the way of persons who, without being in his immediate circle of admirers, yet watch for the finer developments of modern English design. It is all so full of energy, enthusiasm, and high thoughts; and it is all so unsatisfactory! Is there one page in all the long array of Kelmscott books—is there a single page which satisfies the eye of the book-lover as does one page of even an inferior Book of Hours? Is there one border which is really well designed for its place? Is there one initial letter which the skilled designer could not improve? Is there a woodcut anywhere which can bear comparison for artistic merit with the Italian broad-lined wood-engravings published just before and soon after the year 1500? Unquestionably the books are attractive to persons who have to handle the ordinary modern book, even in its less offensive forms; but, considering their very high cost and the elaborate thought and care which went to their preparation, is there one which is not a great disappointment? Can there be found anything which is less worthy its immense cost than the great 'Chaucer' of 1896—that magnificent book in which it is deliberately undertaken to set forth in a worthy form a perfectly well edited edition of the great poet's works? That splendid volume, printed entirely in the larger of Morris's two mediæval fonts of type, "the Chaucer type," with many woodcuts from drawings by Burne-Jones and with elaborate initials and borders designed by Morris himself, was intended, as it seems, to be the culminating volume, and to show well what the Kelmscott Press could do. Yet, even to those who felt less than perfect satisfaction with the smaller books issued by the Kelmscott Press, it must have been a shock to find that the large folio was in no way better or more beautiful than the books which are of small octavo size, though really quartos. The great 'Chaucer' was in every way less satisfactory than they, apparently because there was more room in which to show the essentially inartistic character of the guiding intelligence. Good design is a thing apart; artistic ability is a thing apart. Each of them is as different as possible from the ambition to produce artistic work, the love of it and the desire to make it more abundant and accessible.

The reader must understand that the respect which the thoughtful man must feel

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for Morris's devotion, his single-mindedness, and his prodigious energy is in no way diminished by the limited admiration which should be given to his designs. There was nothing in his surroundings, either considered as an Englishman or as a man of the nineteenth century, to make him a master of decorative design. There were no traditions existing in which he could grow up; he was compelled to create them for himself by deliberate transference of himself in spirit to another age. It is not safe to assert that a very able designer—a man who was, as such a designer must be, an artist—would have been unable thus to transfer himself into a previous epoch and to devote his life to the reconstitution of a bygone time; but it is probable that a natural designer would have acted along the lines of least resistance, and would have used less of his precious vital energy in discovering how men thought and designed in the fifteenth century. Granted, as it must be granted, that the spirit of decorative art had gone out of the world, and that Morris was impatient to revive it, it is the act of the theorist, and not of the artist, to set himself to an intellectual reconstitution of the art of another time. The artist takes, rather, the artistic thought of his own time, and modifies it insensibly. If such an artist feels strongly the desire for decoration, as decoration was understood in the fifteenth century, he tries to bend in that direction the modern ways of drawing and of composition in color and in form. He fails, of course, in much that he undertakes; but so does Morris fail. The only question is how far the striving and the failure of each contribute to the hoped-for recurrence of the time in which decorative design may be easy and natural once more. For this we cannot but think that the production of the best art is the best thing; and assuredly a life of such devotion and such tireless energy as that of Morris, spent upon the production of noble designs without much thought about the difficulties which surround the designer in the nineteenth century, would have produced a greater body of good art than that which Morris has left.

The marvel is, indeed, that anybody who loves early books should care much for the Kelmscott books. When one opens a simple volume of prose, like the very first issue of the Kelmscott Press, 'The Story of the Glittering Plain,' and looks at two open pages without any initial or border whatever, he finds what is certainly a comely piece of printing; and the rough, unpressed paper and broad and well-proportioned margin are delightful. This, however, is of the very simplest. Nothing but a little good taste and the calling of the printer's attention under the guidance of such good taste is needed for so much success as that. The initial, too, when one turns over a page and finds the beginning of a chapter, is attractive enough; too large sometimes, and perhaps, as a matter of taste, out of keeping, in that the letter is white on a black ground, so contradicting the black-and-white scheme of the letter-press, though this is characteristic of many of the old books. Here, still, is a page comely enough, though not so pleasing as the unadorned one. There is one border, that surrounding the initial page, which also contains the title, and it is not ill designed. The scroll work, indeed, is too rounded and flowing; it is not in the severer taste of the early Renaissance; it takes its curls and rolls rather from Roman than from mediæval art; it is unnecessarily complex, and might be much more decorative with one-third the number of lines. After all, 'The Glittering Plain' is a beautiful little book, and when that one book was put into the hands of the amateur, he had cause to rejoice. Since that time many books of the same size have been issued, some larger, and a few much larger and more splendid, and these diminish definitely in their artistic value as they grow more stately, while, at the same time, it appears that the one artistic thought which the designer had ready for use in the composition of borders was used up in the first border and in the first volume, and has not sufficed for further development of the theme.

The difficulty with Morris's design may well have been that he had almost no power over the human figure. His drawings of the human figure are extremely inadequate. No doubt they are generally decorative in their intention, but it takes a man of profound knowledge to create a conventionalized design founded upon anything so subtle as the human figure. Morris's figures as we find them in the double plate at page 100, which reproduces a cartoon for wall decoration, do not stand upon their feet. Their drapery does not clothe bodies. Their heads are not well attached, and their arms and hands are not well posed. Those who have bought the figure-painted tiles of Morris & Co., which, in former times, were obtainable in New York and in London, know well what is meant by the complete failure to represent the nude figure in outline drawing for decorative purposes. It is very odd to find Morris's opinions on Japanese and Chinese art summed up as they are on page 78 in this, that those artists of the Far East produce nothing but pretty toys because they have no architecture behind them. When this opinion was formed, nothing was known in Europe of Chinese painting nor of Japanese painting, which reflects the splendid earlier work of the older and larger country. But still, a little insight might have shown the critic that the power of making pretty toys did not prove the non-existence of architectonics in their greater designs. If the same criticism is transferred to Morris himself, and it be alleged that he could draw nothing thoroughly well, and that he could design nothing thoroughly well because he did not understand the human figure rightly, the criticism would run this chance only of being unjust—namely, that there exists somewhere figure drawing of his which is not inadequate.

Returning now to Mr. Vallance's book, it must be stated that, although it professes to deal with Morris's art and not with his life or literary works (unless, indeed, his poems are considered as a part of his "art"), the whole account of his life and his many labors is well arranged in eight chapters, followed by a very full bibliography. Chapter i. is entitled "The Beginning of Days"; chapter ii., "Oxford to London." Chapter v. is devoted to the business enterprise, and contains an interesting account of the firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Co. in 1861, and the transference of the firm's business to Morris & Co. at a later time. Chapter vii. is devoted to societies, and here one would expect to find a good deal about Morris's socialistic labors, but they are treated slightly and by allusion alone. Chapter viii. is, as we have said, devoted to book illustration and the Kelmscott Press. The book is very interesting reading and will not take any one long to read, in view of the fact that there are only 166 pages of large print, and that even these pages are invaded by many woodcuts.

Morris's life, his poetry, and his socialistic labors are treated much more fully in another book by the same author. The preface to the 'Art of William Morris' is dated February, 1897, and the preface to the fuller but less pretentious volume is dated in August of the same year. The volume which we are reviewing is expressly devoted to the arts of decorative design as practised by William Morris and as taught by him to his employees and disciples.

MRS. BROWNING'S LETTERS.

The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, edited, with biographical additions, by Frederick G. Kenyon. With portraits. In two volumes. The Macmillan Company. 1897.

The editor of these volumes is, presumably, a son of Mr. John Kenyon, a distant cousin of Mrs. Browning, to whom many of her best letters were written, who was ever her most loyal friend, and who, at his death, made her and her husband a gift of £10,000. The editorial work is done admirably. The "biographical additions" do something more than connect the letters and give the circumstances out of which they rose. There are critical suggestions here and there which show that, if Mr. Kenyon had chosen to write a critical biography of Mrs. Browning, he might easily have done so. No one since Mrs. Browning's death has done her such a good service as the editor of these letters. They make a very different impression from her long since published letters to R. H. Horne, which were nothing if not narrowly intellectual and pedantic. Mr. Kenyon says: "It is essentially her character, not her genius, that is presented to the reader in these letters." But it is her intellectual character equally with her moral, and this, if not essential to her genius, is to that allied. It is her character as a poet; it shows her relation to her work, and proves it to have been very different from that commonly imagined—different and much more creditable. She wrote in 1844, "If I fail before the public—that is, before the people (for an ephemeral popularity does not appear to me worth trying for)—it will not be because I have shrunk from the amount of labor where labor could do anything. I have worked at poetry; it has not been with me reverie, but art." There is abundant evidence of the truth of this declaration in dozens of these letters, in which we have her judgment returning on her work. Much that has been set down as carelessness was evidently deliberate, though it may have been mistaken. She had correspondents of rare intelligence and culture, and they dealt honestly with her. She was always grateful for their criticism, and sometimes adopted it. When she did not, she reasoned quietly and effectively in self-defence. The total impression is of a woman much less romantic, much less exclusively emotional than she has been imagined heretofore. Her letters are predominantly intellectual and habitually quiet and restrained.

Their revelation of her moral character

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is extremely satisfactory. Mr. Kenyon has noted the entire absence of bitterness or personal ill-feeling of any kind, and has forestalled the suspicion that this absence is due, in the letters, as printed, to editorial excision, assuring us that such is not the case. It must be confessed that she hit back with some asperity at those who were severe on her defence of Louis Napoleon. But one of the surprises of her letters is the forensic skill with which she argued that defence. Where she had most reason to be bitter she was wonderfully sweet and kind. This was in the particular of her father's treatment of her marriage. She tells the story, and reviews the situation in one of her longest letters in the book, a letter remarkable for its simple common sense. Returning to England five years after her marriage, both she and her husband wrote to her father begging him to see her and kiss her child. In the meantime he had answered none of her letters, and he now returned them all unopened, some of them bordered with black that must have suggested to him that her husband or her child was dead. He treated another daughter and a son in the same brutal fashion, and the most charitable explanation of his conduct is that his sense of ownership in his children went to the verge of monomania. Mr. Kenyon has avoided an excessive intimacy in this as in other aspects of Mrs. Browning's life. He has been commendably considerate in his abridgment of "the mother's rapture" over her only child, but has given us enough to assure us that her satisfaction in her motherhood was very great. He has been more prodigal with her various emotions on account of her dog Flush. But as the pet did more than anything else to excite her defective sense of humor, the excess is readily forgiven. At another point where we seem to have deliberate reticence, Mr. Kenyon assures us that he has concealed nothing. We refer to her interest in spiritualism, which has often been represented as marring the perfection of the mutual love of the two poets. Those who delight in all such representations will find nothing for their comfort here. If there was ever any alienation it does not cast the slightest shadow on her letters, and she wrote so frankly that it would certainly have done so if there had been anything of the kind.

The date of Mrs. Browning's birth, which has been much disputed, is definitely fixed as March 6, 1806. In her sixteenth year she "nearly died" from an injury to her spine, caused by over-exertion in tightening her pony's girth. Five years before, she had written her first epic, "The Battle of Marathon," which was privately printed by her father, who was very proud of her precocity. He also printed her "Essay on Mind," a didactic poem, written when she was seventeen. Her translation of "Prometheus Bound" was actually published in 1833, but anonymously. In 1845 the translation was carefully revised, but some literary resurrectionist has recently unearthed and republished the translation of 1833, of which she was soon heartily ashamed. The true beginning of her literary career was in 1836, when she published, in *Colburn's New Monthly*, "The Romaunt of Margret." In 1838 she published her first acknowledged volume, 'The Seraphim, and Other Poems,' which profited by a decided lull in poetical production at that time, and was received by some of the critics "with more than civility, with genuine cordiality." But the ambitious initial poem met with little favor in comparison with the minor poems. This experience was repeated when she published a collection of her poems in two volumes in 1844. Whereas she relied mainly on "The Drama of Exile" to float the venture, it went nigh to sinking it. The circumstances of its appearance were very different from those attending the volume of 1838. Tennyson had published his two significant volumes only two years before, and Browning the 'Bells and Pomegranates' series. Not only did she bear the competition well, but her reputation from this time grew apace, so that when, at Wordsworth's death in 1850, the *Athenæum* named her for the laureateship, there was no one to denounce the nomination as pretentious or absurd. That no one thought of naming Robert Browning indicates that she was then much the more famous poet of the two, and she remained so for the next dozen years. Indeed, in the early sixties Browning was getting so little encouragement to write poetry that he turned to modelling in clay, and found such pleasure in it that he began to fancy that his occupation as a poet was gone for ever.

It is therefore the more strange that, for the majority of readers, the principal interest of these volumes will consist in the light they throw on Robert Browning's character and career. There is not so much as could be wished about the genesis and exodus of his various poems; but there is enough in a general way to elicit profound gratitude. Nothing touches him here which does not beautify him in a large and noble way. The early forties were for Miss Barrett years of sickness and utter social isolation, and of these things there is much painful reflection in her letters. But gradually these assured her a spiritual companionship that compensated her in part for the loss of every social pleasure. To the number of her correspondents she added Robert Browning in 1845, when she writes, in January, "I had a letter from Browning the poet last night, which threw me into ecstasies—Browning, the author of 'Paracelsus' and King of the Mystics." "The rest is silence," some one having torn off the remainder of the letter. Her comments on him before this are full of interest. In 1843 she declares herself very sensitive to the thousand and one stripes the critics have laid upon him. Yet, from time to time, she made her own criticism upon his methods, writing in 1845, after her acquaintance with him had begun and was rapidly advancing, "He cuts his language into bits, and one has to join them together, as young children do their dissected maps, in order to make any meaning at all, and to study hard before one can do it." In May they met for the first time, and acquaintance soon flowered into friendship and ripened into love. Strangely enough, Mr. Barrett interposed no objection to attentions which could have but one natural sequel. The two were clandestinely married September 12, 1846, in Marylebone Church—not in St. Pancras, as Mrs. Sutherland Orr wrote in her Life of Browning; and on September 19

"Those lovers fled away into the storm."

Into the sunshine rather, of both Italy and their perfect mutual love, "the most perfect example of wedded love in the history of literature—perfect in its inner life and in its poetical expression." Such is Mr. Kenyon's estimate, and in these pages there is much to confirm it and nothing of an opposing character. Browning's letter telling the manner of her death, June 19, 1861, is as beautiful as any poem that he ever wrote. Leaving Florence shortly after her death, he could never muster courage to go back.

If the interest of these volumes reaches its climax in the first, where Mrs. Browning invites her father's curse, all the succeeding parts abound in glimpses of persons, judgments of men and books, political ardors, and personal relations, that maintain an average interest much higher than that of the early letters. Catholic in her friendships, Mrs. Browning was not less so in her admiration of other poets. Hardly could two persons have been more different than she and Harriet Martineau, whom she describes as "the most manlike woman in the three kingdoms," and yet their friendship was superior to all perturbations. For Tennyson she had the most loyal affection, though she wrote of him before "In Memoriam" as "not yet a Christian," and that monody could not have satisfied her altogether. As for herself, she was between two fires—on the one hand, the orthodox complaining of her heresies; on the other, the editors begging her to observe a stricter parsimony in her allusions to religious matters. Quite the most charming incident in the book is that of Tennyson's reading "Maud" from end to end in the Brownings' London lodgings, and stopping every now and then with "There's a wonderful touch!" "How beautiful that is!" Mrs. Browning had correspondents who invited her most personal as well as her most intellectual and æsthetic expression, so that we are enabled as never before to conceive of her character in its entirety; and there is nothing in the conception which does not enhance our sympathy with her aspirations as a poet and our admiration for her conduct of her life in every personal way.

Korea and her Neighbors. By Isabella Bird Bishop. Fleming H. Revell Co.

The courage of Mrs. Bishop is of a very high order. It may not be true, as the gossips say, that she never hesitated to go even where it was not safe to take a husband, in order to gain information, yet the nerve and grit she has shown in exploring Yezo, interior Persia and Turkestan, China and Mantchuria, and now the rarely visited portions of Korea, are those which we associate with men rather than with women. Armed with a photographic camera and tripod—largely useful at night as a rat-proof clothes and shoe "horse"—and plenty of oiled paper (more potent than the powder of Dalmatia), she has seen often and thoroughly the Korean house, and knows the country with more practical thoroughness than any alien except the French Catholic missionaries and a few hardy male travellers. In 1894 she was turned back from her explorations by the Chino-Japanese war, but she returned and succeeded in visiting the three seaports open to foreigners, in ascending the Han River, and in making several overland excursions. These were from Seoul to Won-San and southwestwardly to Yong-Chon, northward to near the fortieth parallel, and westwardly through the Ta-Tong valley. She also travelled in northern and western China and in Primorsk, or the maritime province of Siberia. She thus saw the

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neighbors of Korea, besides many of the white-coated and hunger-driven natives who have emigrated, there being probably at least twenty thousand Koreans in the Tsar's domain, and possibly as many in the China province of Shing-King.

No other book on Korea is so satisfying in its presentation of the facts of nature and man in Korea as they are to-day. This is not a work of history, but of travel and observation; yet, in its discussions of the forces and environment which have made the native what he is, it is thorough and illuminating. Mrs. Bishop confirms what the best observers have been unanimous in declaring, that in few countries on earth are the natural conditions better for the development of humanity, while in none that claims to be civilized is the government worse. Four-fifths of the people are preyed upon by the official class. It is no benefit to a man to accumulate property or even to be industrious. On the contrary, life appears to be much more worth living when one is poor, and sows no more seed, gathers no more grain, gold, or ginseng than is absolutely necessary. Whatever wealth there may be has to exist, like that of the Jews in mediæval Europe, disguised under a protective mask of outward poverty, for any saving up of resources means a visit from the *yang-ban*, or privileged classes, with forced loans which are never recovered in interest or principal. Mrs. Bishop's first impressions of the Koreans were that they were the mere dregs of a race; but when she saw the prosperity and cheerfulness of those under Russian rule, she changed her opinions. In the end she became highly interested in them as a hopeful people.

The new order of things, foreign pressure, the stimulus of commerce, the entrance of the railway and posts are gradually breaking up the old world of Korean society and politics, which has been already powerfully modified for the better. The filth and squalor of the average Korean houses and streets are almost past belief when we consider that these peninsulars have had writings and etiquette for a millennium and a half, and a superb alphabet of native invention for at least five hundred years. Nevertheless, out of these houses come fine looking men in snow-white or glossy garments of many tints, for the native woman lives as a slave to wash and starch for her husband. As laundry maids the Korean women lead the world.

Hitherto, money in the national Treasury has been like cleanliness in the poor people's houses, conspicuous by its absence. Now, however, the customs service at the treaty ports has given the national finances a backbone, and along with pecuniary improvements have come reforms in the virtue which is next to godliness. Under the chief Commissioner of Customs, J. McLeavy Brown, LL.D., Korea not only discharged her debts last year, but was able to pay a million dollars of the indemnity which she owed Japan for the murder of her citizens in one of the numerous revolutions in 1896. Under his energetic ministration, backed by the Governor of Seoul, Ye Cha Yun, formerly of the Korean Legation in Washington, the royal city has been changed from the similitude of a pigsty; the original width of the broad streets, laid out in 1392, has been won back from rubbish heaps, booths, and encroaching houses, and Seoul actually bids fair to become almost as clean as a Japanese city. Under American contractors, a railway is now in advanced course of construction from Chemulpo to Seoul. The beasts of burden—gentle bulls, vicious ponies, and good-natured men and women—that have hitherto done the work of transportation, will soon give way to steam transit. The junks, that seem to be in many a case "a fortuitous concourse of planks," are giving way to ships and steamers on Western models.

Mrs. Bishop, as all readers of her books know, has a fascinating style; she tells of her travels both in Korea and among the Russians with all the arts of rhetoric and the merit of wonderful directness. No book yet printed gives so clear a picture of Russian enterprise at Vladivostok, and along the new railway, which brings in a thousand excellent families every year. Her chapter descriptive of the Phyong-Yang (Ping-Yang) battlefield of 1894 is wonderfully vivid, and so also are her word-pictures of the effects of the hair-cropping edict in 1895, and of the murder of the Queen by the brutal Japanese adventurers, who were actually encouraged to their abominable work by the Mikado's envoy, a rough soldier intrusted with the delicate and difficult business of diplomacy. This man illustrated the worst phases of Japanese ring politics. Yet his behavior was only a symptom and outcrop of that "Satsumaism" from which Japan has so long suffered. It was this man's folly that hopelessly discredited Japan in the peninsula, heaped fuel upon the hereditary hatred of the Koreans towards the Japanese, and gave Russia her long-coveted opportunity. Mrs. Bishop's final chapters show the Seoul of 1897, with its hopeful features and the entrance of the Russian military instructors.

Not the least interesting of her paragraphs treat of the work of the American and other missionaries, and of the religions of Korea, which are: dæmonism among the people, discredited and shadowy Buddhism in the mountain monasteries, and Confucianism, of a peculiar phase, among the educated few. In the appendix she shows that Korea is not only a very promising field for the Gospel, but also a steadily enlarging market, the total foreign trade of $2,978,410 in 1336 having increased to $11,266,024 in 1896. Pictures, maps, index, and all that is necessary to equip the book for the student as well as general reader, make this an unusually interesting and valuable work.

Artists and Engravers of British and American Book-Plates: A Book of Reference for Book-Plate and Print Collectors. By Henry W. Fincham. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1897. 4to, pp. 135.

It is a sign of the times that we do our fooling so seriously and gregariously. The number of persons having money to spend, time to waste, and energy to spare without intellect to direct it, is simply immense. Suddenly some one leader arises with an idea, or the simulacrum of one, and forthwith a new fad is launched and a new cult founded. The disciples are many, and, in due succession, clubs, societies, and journals are established.

The above-cited book is the result of the book-plate fad. It is the product of enthusiasm and toil, and must have cost the publishers a pretty penny. Yet it is nothing but a catalogue of the men who engraved book-plates, of their various jobs, and the names of their patrons. Page after page is a reiteration of items like this:

"Lionel Walter Rothschild, C. W. Sherborn, Monogram, 1886."

The description column changes from "monogram" to "pictorial," or "armorial," but the facsimiles are the only definite descriptions.

This particular fad of collecting has no solid foundation. With rare exceptions, book-plates are the poorest forms of the engraver's skill, the pot-boilers of the struggling artist. As works of art they are generally beneath criticism, and the only form of the plates which possesses any value is the armorial one, which is sometimes of service to the genealogist. The pictorial or imaginative forms—at least those executed more than a score of years ago—are as worthless as the cuts which were supposed to ornament the books of the last century. Of course the book-plate of a distinguished man has the same interest which attaches to any other personal relic of him, especially if it be found in a book from his library. But who can care for a poorly designed cut, engraved by a wretched artist, and commemorating some utterly obscure individual?

It is true that of recent years some improvement in the art is apparent. We note, however, that the English designers seem to have divided into two schools. In one, strong effects are sought by the profuse use of a black background, from which conventional foliage or scrollwork stands out in relief. The other school affects a white ground with designs traced in outline, and dependent, therefore, upon good drawing to be endurable. But beyond the technical skill shown, there is little to praise. None of the quaint ingenuity shown in the old books of Emblems or Devices has been recovered. Most of the patrons seem to desire to present their own effigies in uncouth postures, surrounded by volumes which are arranged like bricks in impossible libraries.

But this is a new science, and we have an Ex-Libris Society, and an *Ex-Libris Journal*, and a "greatest collector," and now a prodigious Catalogue. What more is needed to prove that the present age is one that appreciates art, ingenuity, and industry?

English Sanitary Institutions. By Sir John Simon, K.C.B., etc., etc. Second edition. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1897. 8vo.

Except for the addition of two important appendices, the second edition of this work is, as stated in the preface, "in substance almost textually a reprint" of the first, which appeared in 1890; but to the student of sanitary institutions, in this country as well as elsewhere, the value of the book is even greater now than when it first appeared. It is a work addressed to the laity as well as to the medical profession, for, as the author says, "such art of medicine as it purports to discuss is an art which the laity is now under legal obligation to exercise; and every educated layman is well aware that, in proportion as medicine has become a science, it has ceased to be the mystery of a caste." The importance of the study of sanitary institutions is not likely to be fully apprehended by the layman who, when he thinks of sanitation, generally thinks only of the drainage of his house or the city in which he lives. It is unfortunate that in English the meaning of the word "sanity" has become limit-

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ed to health of mind only, for it might well be used in a broader sense to define the general well-being of the individual or of a race; and, with such an extension of meaning, the non-professional reader would recognize the broad import of this book better than by its present title.

Perhaps few people during the Jubilee of the Queen of England last summer were led to reflect that its brilliancy had its main source in the present healthy condition of Great Britain, and to Sir John Simon more than any other living person this glory was due. That London is now one of the healthiest cities in the world, in spite of its enormous population, is largely the result of his work while medical officer of her Majesty's privy council; and although the reforms effected during the thirty years for which he held this office were carried out by the hard work of many able assistants, yet his was the mind which mainly conceived and guided the course of the sanitary improvements which have wrought incalculable benefit to the crowded population of the British isles. Had he remained in office during the last twenty years, in all probability England would have been spared the terrible ravages of epidemics of typhoid fever from which it has but lately suffered, and in respect to sanitary institutions would have been, still more than it is, the example for other countries to follow.

Such improvements as he brought about are often of slow growth, and the originators of them are quickly forgotten, except by the few by whom the memory of the most serviceable helpers of mankind is cherished, as guide and stimulus through life. The author himself, in speaking of the splendid work done by some of his predecessors, says, "Let the noble compensation be noted that often the thoroughness of a reformer's victory is that which most makes silence of the reformer's fame. For how can men be adequately thankful for redemptions when they have no present easy standard, no contrast between yesterday and to-day, by which to measure the greatness of them?" It is pleasant, however, to note that the first Buchanan medal, the funds for which are derived from a bequest by the late Dr. Buchanan, an eminent pupil of Sir John Simon, was but a few weeks since awarded by the Royal Society to Sir John himself, who, as *Nature* states, "may fairly be termed the founder of modern sanitary science."

It is impossible to do justice to Sir John Simon's book in a brief review; it should be read by all interested in improving the external conditions of their own life and that of the general community. The book is divided into four parts: (1) the history of sanitation from the earliest ages down through the Roman Empire to mediæval times; (2) "Post-mediæval England," *i. e.*, legislation under the Tudors, Elizabeth, and the Stuarts; (3) "New Momenta," which brings the reader down to the reign of Queen Victoria; and (4) legislation during her reign up to 1890. To the general reader the first three sections will appeal most strongly, for the last is more technical, and of greater interest to the Englishman than to the foreigner. The chapter entitled "The Growth of Humanity in British Politics," dealing with the eighteenth century, is an important contribution to history. Its closing words are well worth quoting. Sir John Simon believes that

"the period in its entirety deserves to be counted among the greatest in English history. In the cultivation which it gave to a sense of moral responsibility in national affairs; in the splendid instances which it showed of the applicability of common ethical arguments to politics; in the appeals which it made to the consciences of rulers and nations against courses of selfish wrong; in the feeling which it propagated that nations, like persons, if they would not be ashamed of themselves, must obey at home and abroad the common rules of equal justice; not least in the mutual understanding which it promoted between the social instincts and the political philosophy of mankind, it represented such strides of civil culture as no former age of our country had seen—strides of a far truer civilization than any which widened empire, or 'enhanced luxuries of life, can pretend to show," etc.

This growth of right sentiment made it easier to bring about reforms during the present century, and, great as these have been, there is still much more to do.

The last two chapters deal with the "Politics of Poverty" and contain general broad deductions as to the best means of introducing further improvement and reforms. Coming from the highest authority on these matters, they deserve the serious consideration of all who have to deal with sanitary institutions, not only in England, but in other parts of the world.

The work is that at once of a universally recognized leader in his own profession, and of a man whose large humanity, generous character, and experienced wisdom are apparent throughout his pages, no less than his broad culture, his great store of varied knowledge, and his unusual powers of clear and persuasive expression. He is a master of the English tongue, and the volume may be safely commended to the general reader as of interest alike in its subject and in the mode in which the subject is presented. It is the noble crowning work of a long life spent in the service of mankind.

Founders of Geology. By Sir Archibald Geikie, F.R.S., etc. Macmillan. 1897. Pp. vi, 297.

In this work Sir Archibald Geikie gives the substance of a course of six lectures delivered at Johns Hopkins University in 1896, his excellent purpose being to draw the attention of American students of geology to the achievements of the half-forgotten founders of the science. This limited end is well attained by what the author presents. In a swift and effective way he sets before the reader the character and labors of a dozen or more of the most notable men in this branch of learning, who, in the present and preceding century, have given it its modern shape, while the accomplishments of a score of other less important contributors are lightly but effectively sketched. The work is more than a fresh and attractive presentation of the general facts of geological discovery, such as is given in Lyell's 'Principles' and other histories of the science; it brings into deserved prominence the labors of certain masters whose worth has long been overlooked, and it treats with a just, though drastic, criticism the claims of others who have by chance attained unmerited celebrity.

The most important contribution which Sir Archibald has made to our knowledge of the history which he treats, concerns the life and work of Jean Étienne Guettard (1715-1786), too long unnoted by English geologists. This master was clearly the pioneer in the science and art of interpreting geologic processes by the aspect of the rocks. After the manner of many another able yet half-educated solitary worker, the clumsiness of his statements and their excessive volume served to hide his admirable results from his contemporaries, as well as from his successors, so that his penetration was without much profit to learning. His life is another instance of the fact that greatness of understanding is not of itself a measure of efficiency in a man.

Singularly in contrast with Guettard, who, despite his great ability, failed to impress himself on his age, who, indeed, despite his many volumes, never found a fair chance to be heard, is the history of Werner of Freiberg. Werner's story is, on some accounts, the most curious chapter in the history of learning. He came to his chair of mineralogy, in the mining school of Freiberg, with but a closet preparation and with knowledge limited to what could be gained from the aspect of the mineral species which were then known. His opportunity for acquiring information concerning the face of the earth was insignificant. His travels hardly extended beyond Saxony, and, even in that small kingdom, were of trifling extent. He knew, it may be said, however, the underground revealed by the mines of the Erzegebirge passing well. On this trifling foundation, by the aid of a vigorous but unguided constructive imagination and an extraordinary eloquence, he managed to build a mass of irrational though curiously coherent hypotheses concerning the history of the earth, which attracted universal attention, and served for a generation to stay the progress of sound geological knowledge. Sir Archibald gives some critical inquiry to the remarkable history of Werner and his work. He properly attaches importance to the fact that Werner was the teacher in a technical school where no large criticism could develop itself, and where the tendency of the intellectual life was towards immediate ends.

While much of the amazing success of Wernerism is to be accounted for by the earnestness of the man, which for all its worth barely saved him from being a charlatan, and by the eloquence with which it found expression, the problem of his success remains essentially unsolved. Nearly every part of Werner's theories was set directly against obvious and well-known facts; against the experience of many of the host who came to attend his teaching; and yet they long prevailed. It will not do to attribute, as some have done, the acceptance of the Wernerian hypothesis to certain peculiarities of the Teutonic mind, for he was as successful with French and Swiss, with Scotch and Irish students as with those of his own land.

The 'Founders of Geology' includes only the men who are related to the modern development. Nothing is said of the labors of the ancients, the Greeks, the Arabs, and the Italians of the Renaissance, to whom we, indeed, owe the very foundation of the science. There is much need of a treatise which shall embody the whole history of this branch of learning. It may be hoped that Sir Archibald Geikie, who has so well shown his capacity for the historic view, may take up this subject in its larger aspect.

A History of Christianity in the Apostolic Age. By Arthur Cushman McGiffert,

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Ph.D., D.D., Washburn Professor of Church History in the Union Theological Seminary. [International Theological Library.] Scribners. 1897. 8vo, pp. 681.

The subject of this bulky volume has probably never been treated before with equal freedom and freshness by any Christian scholar, unless that title is accorded to Renan; and yet, after reading it, we are obliged to wonder if a good history of the Apostolic age will ever be written by any scholar who has distinctly the theological bias. An anti-theological bias would be equally fatal to the undertaking. The desirable thing is that some scholar of ability, well proved in secular history, who can dig as patiently as Mommsen and write as well as Green, should take up the beginnings of Christianity in the same temper and spirit he has shown in other fields. Dr. McGiffert's theological bias is not particularly strong. On the contrary, for a man in his position, he is free and fair to a degree that must be exceedingly distasteful to those who have been long engaged in hunting down the heresies of Dr. Briggs. It is evident that Dr. Briggs does not monopolize all the aberrations from the traditional standpoint by which the teaching in the Union Theological Seminary has been characterized of late. There are many here as positive as his, while, nevertheless, the whole presentation hovers in a kind of haze engendered by the mingling of the author's critical temper with his desire to save as much as possible of the theological contents of the events which he describes.

He is much better furnished as a critic than as a historian, and he has written mainly a literary history of the early church, a criticism on the early documents. These stand out much more sharply than the persons who were engaged in the great enterprise of giving a new religion to mankind. The studies of the different books of the New Testament, and the conclusions reached, will be of special interest to those who have followed the course of recent discussion concerning the critical opinions of Prof. Harnack. These have been hailed in certain quarters as a virtual abandonment of the results of modern criticism as touching the New Testament. What is true of them is that, in certain particulars, they recede from some of the extreme positions of F. C. Baur and his earlier disciples; but, striking an average, they are still less conservative than the critical opinions of Renan, which laid on him, we need not say, no obligation to accept the traditional theological constructions. Dr. McGiffert informs us that his book was already in press when Prof. Harnack's volume touching the same series of questions as his own appeared, but he is happy to say that he finds himself "in general agreement with Harnack in most of the matters which he touches."

The most notable of these is the chronology of Paul's life and writings. The writings, taking them altogether, are pushed back some ten years from the dates heretofore assigned to them by German, French, and English scholars. Believers in Sienkiewicz's 'Quo Vadis?' will be distressed to find Paul dying in 58 A. D., six years before the Neronian persecution, and Peter visiting Rome for the first time after Paul's death. Neither of Peter's epistles is considered genuine, while four are excluded from the traditional list of Paul's. The Book of Acts is accepted as "based in the main on trustworthy sources," only to be set aside in most of its details. The authorship of the Fourth Gospel is left in extreme doubt, the balance tending plainly to a denial of John's hand in it. Where Harnack thinks that the Apocalypse was certainly by the same author (the Presbyter John), Dr. McGiffert is equally confident that it was not. This is one of many points on which these doctors disagree; and when we consider with these Dr. McGiffert's disagreements with other critics and his own hesitations and misgivings at almost every turn, we shall find that the one impression dominating all others that he leaves upon our minds is, that to know anything with certainty of the Apostolic age is nearly, if not quite, impossible.

The Horse of America, in his Derivation, History, and Development; tracing his ancestry by the aid of much newly discovered data through all the ages from the first dawnings of history to the present day, etc., etc. With maps and illustrations. By John H. Wallace. New York. 1897.

It is, perhaps, too much to say that, had there been no Wallace, there would have been no trotting-horse literature in America, but it is certain that this literature owes to him the greater part of such flavor and piquancy as it has. He was the first to make any successful attempt at the registration of trotters and to establish and enforce rules that gave it value; and to him will some day be accorded the distinction of having, more than any other man, laid the foundations for the correct and systematic breeding of the American trotting-horse, and established a family now as well recognized as that of the thoroughbred.

Mr. Wallace's book is largely in the nature of an autobiography, with interesting histories of the many wars he has waged with magnates of the horse-breeding industry, and the many triumphs he has won against error, misrepresentation, dishonesty, and about every kind of villany known to mankind. He is a Boythorn in his views of everything and everybody opposed to him, and confides to the little world of his readers the unexampled and unparalleled baseness of those who do not think as he does; but there is also evidence that, like Dickens's violent hero, the old gentleman is capable of a rapid transformation from ire to gentleness.

As introductory to the history of the horse of America, Mr. Wallace devotes his first seven chapters to the origin and distribution of horses, to the Arabian, and to the English race-horse. The inoffensive Arab steed seems particularly odious to Mr. Wallace, who proves to his own satisfaction that the horse is an original native of Armenia, and was very rare in Arabia, and explodes the beautiful fiction about the famous mares of Mohammed by insisting that the prophet always rode a camel or walked, and that there is nothing in his life or history to indicate that he ever owned a horse or ever mounted one, except on a single occasion. This is followed by various assertions and statements all tending to belittle the supposed virtues of the Arab horse and to cast ridicule and discredit on those, including notably Mr. Wilfred S. Blunt and Mr. A. Keene Richards, who have imported these horses to England and America. Mr. Wallace says of them: "Whatever their blood, whether genuine or counterfeit Arabian, they have all been failures and all alike good for nothing." The Eastern horses which were brought to England mostly in the eighteenth century, and are there recognized as the most worthy ancestors of the thoroughbreds of the present day, are thought by Mr. Wallace to have been inferior to the native English horses, with which, he says, Britain was fully supplied at the time of the Roman invasion. The Godolphin Arabian, however, is recognized as having had a beneficent influence on the English horse, though Mr. Wallace stoutly denies that anything whatever was known of his breeding, and says that his picture, while "it does not tell us what he was, tells us in the most clear and unmistakable language what he was not. There is no feature or element in his make-up that does not say he was neither an Arabian nor a Barb."

The pedigrees of many of the English race-horses are attacked, perhaps as an introduction to the very disheartening statements as to the American horses we have all been wont to consider of pure lineage. Imported Messenger's maternity is put in grave doubt, and the fact of no other imported thoroughbred stallion having succeeded as a progenitor of trotters in this country is brought forward as confirmatory of the charge of plebeian ancestry on her side. The two great horses Boston and American Eclipse are also stated to be incorrectly called thoroughbreds, and many other general beliefs as to horse lineage are quite as rudely shattered in the chapter on "Investigation of Disputed Pedigrees." The most notable of the living animals on whose breeding doubt is cast are the famous mares Maud S. and Sunol. As to the former, Mr. Wallace first asserts that the thoroughbred cross claimed through Nancy Pope, the dam of Pilot, Jr., was furnished by the "pedigree-maker" of Mr. Alexander; and also that the claims that Boston was the sire of Sally Russell, the granddam of Maud S., are baseless and were made with intent to deceive. As to the hardly less distinguished Sunol, reputed to have had a thoroughbred granddam, viz., Waxy, by Lexington, taken to California as a two-year-old in 1864, Mr. Wallace states: "There is not a scintilla of evidence that any two-year-old daughter of Lexington was taken to California in that year"; and it follows, of course, that this pedigree, along with most others with the thoroughbred cross "investigated" by Mr. Wallace, are, as he calls them, "frauds."

It might seem to some that his success in discrediting the thoroughbred crosses in about all the trotting-horses of merit he has noticed has been rather remarkable. The commonly accepted theories are, that the thoroughbred race-horse of the present day is descended from pure Eastern ancestors, and that it is the influence of this hard and condensed element in the American trotting-horse that gives him the endurance and stamina for which he is distinguished. It does not follow that in breeding trotters it is desirable to make the first cross a thoroughbred one, as the inherited tendency to the running gait is apt to overcome the trotting inheritance on the other side. The desideratum is to approximate the form and quality of the thoroughbred with the constant, instinctive tendency to the trotting gait. Mr. Wallace denies, first, that the thoroughbred horse is descended from pure Eastern ancestors, and, second, that he is of any use in breeding trotters. He says, and we think

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truly, that if you are going to breed trotters, you don't want to use runners in doing it. But he also says (p. 496) that the trot and pace are simply two forms of one and the same gait. This is quite as unjustifiable a statement as that running and trotting are two forms of the same gait. All these movements involve the use of the legs, but so do kicking and plunging, backing and going sidewise. To attempt to prove it by showing that many horses have both paced and trotted is equally absurd. Many trotters can be trained to pace, and almost any pacer to trot, but every pacer and every trotter can be easily made to run, and all three of these gaits involve radically different movements of the legs.

The chapters on "How the Trotting-Horse is Bred" are interesting and instructive, as the author has a vast store of knowledge and experience on this subject, which, impersonal as it is, yet offers him various opportunities to make lively raids on the camps of his personal enemies. In 1871 Mr. Wallace issued the first volume of the 'Trotting Register,' which has since been succeeded by many others. The credit of the work in classifying, investigating, and publishing the vast number of pedigrees contained in these volumes, and bringing the breeding of trotters to a systematic and recognized basis, is due more to Mr. Wallace than to all others besides; and although he sold out the publication after a number of years, his name will be identified with the American trotting-horse so long as that noble animal exists.

Victorian Literature: Sixty Years of Books and Bookmen. By Clement K. Shorter. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1897. Pp. 231.

This is a Jubilee volume and is meant to be taken as such, and not as a history of literature, either for libraries or for schools. "So far as it has any worth at all," the author writes, "it is meant to be bibliographical and not critical." And he would have done better to follow out the idea which evidently at one time occurred to him, and cast the little book into the form of a dictionary of authors and books rather than into narrative form as we have it; for it must be said that the author does not excel in writing either history or criticism. But then, of course, there are the exigencies of a Jubilee year.

In style and in many other features the book resembles the summary of the same subject on a similar occasion written by the late Prof. Henry Morley and published in the Tauchnitz series. Both works are written in the same paragraphing style, and display the same good-natured and comfortable spirit of critical compliment and tolerance, combined with a certain lack of felicity in the use of critical adjectives. Both, too, are innocent of any really philosophical summaries or generalizations. And yet, of course, there is the danger of generalizing on what is still under our eyes, and the warning example of more ambitious works such as Prof. Saintsbury's latest. All the more reason, one must reply, for keeping to the dictionary form or to the guarded and impersonal criticism of the literary primer. Mr. Shorter, however, has partly atoned for the error of form by appending a full and excellent index.

The Poets, the Novelists, the Historians, and the Critics are the four classes into which the author divides the writers of the period. The chapters on the prose-writers (especially the last two) are generally better than that on the poets. American authors are not included, but in his introductory pages, by way of sop, Mr. Shorter testifies to the "enormous influence" of American writers like Longfellow, Hawthorne, Irving, Emerson, Lowell, and others upon the England of Victoria. As a sort of running list recalling the achievements of the reign in literature, many mature readers will doubtless find this little volume readable, and for younger readers lacking a better primer or short history of the subject, it may be found useful as a text or reference book.

Without further comment, and as a taste of his quality, a few of the author's off-hand critical pronouncements upon writers and books of the era may be subjoined:

P. 10: "Tennyson never wrote with greater force or with more perfect dramatic and lyric art [than in 'Maud']."

P. 16: "[Swinburne] has written tragedies of wider purpose than those of Tennyson, of equal insight with those of Browning."

P. 17: "His [Swinburne's] appreciation of Charles Lamb endears him to English readers, and his eulogies of Victor Hugo command the respect of Frenchmen."

P. 41: "The great epoch of English fiction began with Goldsmith and Richardson, and ended with Sir Walter Scott."

P. 47: "Her [Emily Brontë's] best verse is perhaps the greatest ever written by a woman."

P. 60: "[Stevenson's] 'Beau Austin,' although not accepted by the public, is probably the greatest contribution to the drama of the era. As a critic of life and of books Stevenson has also an honorable place. I know of no better treatment of the one than 'Virginibus Puerisque,' or of the other than 'Some Aspects of Robert Burns.'

P. 120: "[Carlyle] profoundly revered Goethe, who, after all, was the only one of his contemporaries who could take rank anywhere near him." (Carlyle has sixteen pages out of 193; Ruskin comes next with eight).

P. 129: "Still another arrangement would have been to divide the subject, as De Quincey suggested, into the literature of power and the literature of imagination [*sic*]."

P. 141: "In the seventies his [Mill's] philosophy dominated Oxford. It is of no account to-day. . . . For adequate philosophical guidance . . . we must turn to Herbert Spencer."

P. 146: "In universality of knowledge he [Spencer] rivals Aristotle and Bacon at a time when the sphere of learning is immensely larger than in their epochs. . . . To him, with Mill, belongs the glory of restoring to Great Britain the old supremacy in philosophy given to her by Bacon."

P. 172: "[F. W. H. Myers's] biography of Wordsworth is a daintily fanciful memoir."

P. 193: "[The great Victorian writers] have given us a literature without a parallel in history."

Cambridge: Described and Illustrated. Being a short History of the Town and University. By T. D. Atkinson. With an Introduction by J. W. Clark, M.A., Registrar of the University. Macmillan.

The standard works on the history of Cambridge have hitherto been both ponderous and expensive. This is true of Cooper's municipal 'Annals,' of Mullinger's 'University of Cambridge,' and of Willis and Clark's 'Architectural History.' There was room for a book which should set forth the more important of the facts in a moderate compass, and this Mr. Atkinson has now produced. He makes but little claim to original research; for the town history he has relied on Cooper; for the University and colleges, as he tells us, he has followed Willis and Clark very closely, in places verbally. It is, perhaps, in consideration of the permission which Mr. Clark has given for this use of his writings that his name appears as joint author on the back of the book; though we would remark in passing that this practice among publishers of making the back of the book suggest something a little different from the title-page is one that is growing, and already proving a nuisance to the bibliographer. Mr. Atkinson seems to have performed his task with intelligence. From the absence of a degree after his name, we gather that he is a "townsman" pure and simple; and, if so, the coöperation of "town and gown" which is here presented is itself significant. Both in Oxford and in Cambridge the old feeling between town and gown is rapidly passing away, with the growth of the historic sense among the citizens and the growth of the sense of municipal duty among the dons.

Mr. Clark tells us in his introduction that their first idea was to write a mere guide-book, but that on second thoughts "it seemed better to deal with so interesting a subject in a less dry and formal manner," though the book "might still do duty as a guide." So it may, in spite of its more than 500 pages. The Cambridge colleges are near together, and we can readily imagine an ardent student taking the book with him, or, more probably, her, one afternoon after another, to this or that college court. But while such devotion would be proper enough for one who is spending a term in Cambridge, the passing traveller would be better advised to begin with Mr. Clark's own 'Historical and Descriptive Notes,' with Toussaint's and Brunet Debaines's charming pictures. For, after all, Mr. Atkinson's pages are somewhat stodgy; and the array of facts is rarely lit up by a generalization. The attractiveness of the volume lies, we must confess, largely in the pictures with which it is embellished. Besides a lot of block-plans, and of seventeenth-century views "after Loggan," there are five and twenty of the exquisite engravings by Le Keux which first appeared in the 'Memorials of Cambridge.' They are visions of beauty, with Cambridge looking its best, at sunrise or sunset or after a shower. If members of the governing boards of American universities who have had money to spend on buildings in recent years can look on these pictures without a sense of lost opportunities, we shall despair of the educative influence of art.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alamo, and Other Verses. Florence, New Mexico: E. McQ. Gray. 75c.

Belmont, Perry. Republican Responsibility for Present Currency Perils. Putnams. 50c.

Black, L. M. P. For His Country's Sake; or, Esca, a British Prince at the Court of Trajan. London: Horace Cox.

Brooke, Emma. The Confession of Stephen Whapshare. Putnams. $1.

Coleman, S. E. An Algebraic Arithmetic. Macmillan. 60c.

Crooks, Prof. G. R. The Story of the Christian Church. Eaton & Mains. $3.50.

Crowninshield, Mrs. Schuyler. Where the Trade-Wind Blows. West Indian Tales. Macmillan. $1.50.

D'Annunzio, Gabriele. The Intruder. G. H. Richmond.

Davidson, Prof. John. The Bargain Theory of Wages. Putnams. $1.50.

Gallienne, Richard Le. Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. A Paraphrase from Several Literal Translations. John Lane.

Griffin, A. P. C. Orderly Book of General George Washington, Kept at Valley Forge, May-June, 1778. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $1.

Hawaii's Story by Hawaii's Queen. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $2.

Hawels, Rev. H. R. Ideals for Girls. London: James Bowden; New York: M. S. Mansfield. 75c.

Hinsdale, Prof. B. A. Horace Mann, and the Common School Revival in the United States. [Great Educators.] Scribners. $1.

Huidekoper, D. R. S. Veterinary Blue-Book. 1808. New York: Metropolitan Job Printing Office.

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